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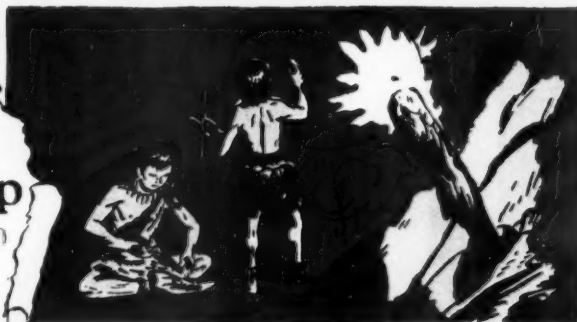
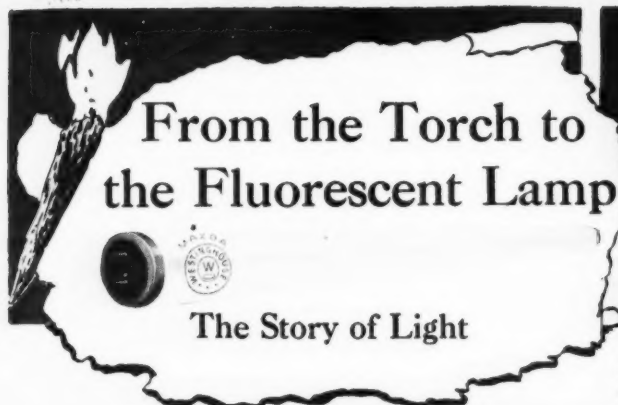
FEBRUARY
1944

For All Girls—Published
by the Girl Scouts

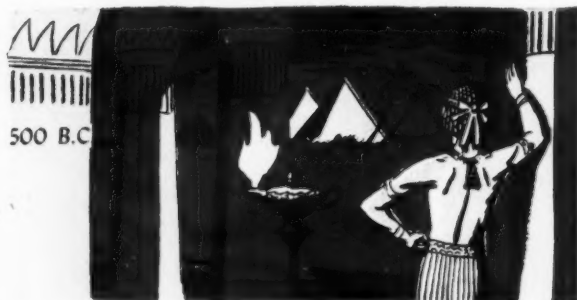


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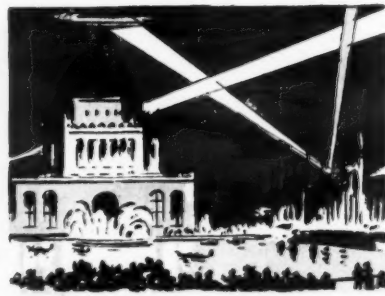
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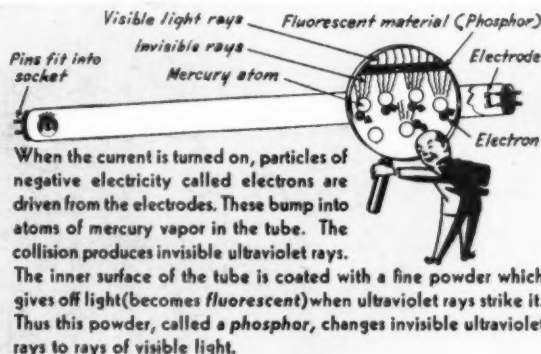


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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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EVE CURIE

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

FEBRUARY • 1944

EVE CURIE,

World  Citizen

Author, lecturer, traveler, musician—and now soldier for her native France—Eve Curie is one of the notable women of our time

By SOPHIE GOLDSMITH

LAST August an interesting woman slipped out of New York on her way to England to join the French WACS—called, in France, the *Corps des Volontaires Françaises*. She is an ardent Frenchwoman, but because she fought with all her might against the armistice with the Germans, the Vichy government deprived her of her French citizenship. She had a famous mother, born in Poland, who surrounded her with Polish influences; she has an American publisher who helped her to fame by publishing, first her notable biography of a great scientist, her mother, and then her own experiences as a war correspondent, *Journey Among Warriors*; and from China and Russia to Africa she has staunch friends who are only too glad to accord her any privilege she may wish, or to open any door of opportunity. This cosmopolitan lady is Eve Curie—and even if she has not regained her French citizenship by the time this article is printed, she can never be a Woman without a Country, for she is, in the truest sense, a Citizen of the World.

Until a few years ago, people who heard her name would say, "Oh, yes! That's the daughter of Marie Curie, the discoverer of radium. She is known as one of the ten best dressed women in the world, and she's very beautiful." Both comments are still true. But now Eve Curie is a representative per-

son in her own right, with a record of notable achievements.

It was difficult for Mlle. Curie not to be overcome by the task of living up to the great name she bears, not to trail along timidly in the shadow of her parents' fame. But she has had the strength and courage to develop her own individual talents and personality, although her abilities are quite different from those of her parents.

Eve's father, Pierre Curie, died when she was too young to remember him, but in her famous book, *Madame Curie*, she has succeeded in making him exceedingly vivid, after studying his letters and writings. The love of Pierre Curie for his wife, and their complete happiness and unity in their scientific work, were so unusual that it is no wonder their marriage flowered in the tremendous discovery of radium, and in the careers of their daughters, as well. One daughter, Irene, won the Nobel prize for science some twenty or twenty-five years after it had been bestowed on her parents; and the other, Eve, who is our chief interest in this article, is embarked on an entirely different career shaped by world conditions which did not exist when her parents were deep in their quest for radium.

The great discovery was made before Eve was born. Despite the acclaim which came to Pierre and Marie Curie, they kept on



EVE CURIE HAD DREAMS EVEN AT THIS AGE



LEFT: PIERRE CURIE, WHO WAS TRAGICALLY KILLED WHEN EVE WAS ONLY TWO. CENTER: MADAME CURIE, EVE, AND HER SISTER IRENE. THE CHILDREN ARE WEARING DRESSES MADE BY THEIR DEVOTED MOTHER. RIGHT: EVE AS A YOUNG GIRL



Photographs on pages 5 and 6 by courtesy of Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

living as simply and humbly as the world would allow them to live. They decided to take no advantage of the financial reward they might have obtained from their years of struggle and labor, although most people would have thought them entitled to it. They did not look on their discovery as a source of personal gain, with themselves as sole proprietors and inventors—to them it was simply the fortunate product of triumphant research. This they considered to be the true spirit of the science they worshipped.

Just how profoundly Pierre and Marie Curie worshipped that science, you'll find concentrated in two sentences—one spoken by Eve's father, one by her mother. Her father once said, speaking of the possibility of death to the most loved person in the world, "Whatever happens, even if one has to go on like a body without a soul, one must work just the same." Her mother said, when asked by a reporter for some personal information which had no relation to her beloved work, "In science we must be interested in things, not in persons." She was an eternal representative of pure science.

Both these convictions affected Eve's life. Long before she was born, her parents were honored citizens in the world of science, to which they rigidly confined themselves. Nothing and nobody existed for them outside of it.



THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ABOVE BRING TO MIND EVE'S OWN DESCRIPTION OF HERSELF, AT A LATER PERIOD, AS A "BELLIGERENT FRENCHWOMAN"

Sometimes they had an amusingly hard time making themselves remember to eat and drink and take the ordinary precautions of healthful living. Eventually, they allowed themselves the luxury of a maid-of-all-work, who couldn't understand how it was possible for people not to know what they were eating. Like all cooks, she wanted her work appreciated and one day she asked M. Curie how he'd enjoyed the beefsteak he'd just finished.

"Oh," he answered absent-mindedly, "did I eat a beefsteak?" Thinking hard for a minute, he added, "It's quite possible."

When Eve was only two years old, the beloved, absent-minded Professor Curie, of the high ideals and unflinching purpose, was tragically killed—run over by a truck. One of the most beautiful love stories in history had come to an end, and Madame Curie was left "like a body without a soul," as her husband had once described such a possible situation; but she remembered, because it was also her own inflexible code, how he had added, "One must work just the same." Work, work, and more work. Work became more than ever the keynote of her life, and she insisted it be that of her daughters, also.

For Irene, that demand was easy to satisfy. She was seven years older than Eve, and from the beginning she had showed a love for physics and chemistry which Eve did not share. Although eventually Eve was graduated from the Scivigné College as a Bachelor of Science, and later as a Bachelor of Philosophy, in both cases

RIGHT: EVE CURIE IS KNOWN AS ONE OF THE TEN BEST DRESSED WOMEN IN THE WORLD. CIRCLE: AS SHE LOOKS IN HER PRESENT RÔLE AS A SOLDIER

with honors, her real tastes ran in an entirely different direction. "In science," her mother had said, "we must be interested in things, not in persons." Eve tried to see that point of view until her own restless temperament demanded another. She and her beloved "Mé" were close as Jo and Marmee in *Little Women*, but she could not always see eye to eye with her mother. She loved color, life, the excitement created by "persons."

During the First World War, Eve had at least some share in the excitement which pervaded Paris and all France, though at fourteen she was considered too young to make any contribution toward it. So she kept busy gaining fresh history and composition honors at school; and many years afterward she told an American audience how, even though she'd been considered too young to work for her country, she was deeply moved and excited as the American troops passed through Paris. Always she felt emotional and personal impact.

One person who fell into the category of people to whom she most enthusiastically responded, she nicknamed "The Sorcerer." He was known by people with less imagination as Charles Seignobos, Professor of History at the Sorbonne. After the Great War was over, and Madame Curie felt that—at least during the summers—the family's rigorous program might be laid aside, this beloved "Sorcerer" held full sway. He was seventy years old, and he lived in a low, thatched cottage on the coast of Brittany in the village of Larcouët. Giant fuchsia, Virginia creeper, and passion flowers covered it completely, and when Eve leaped down the steep trail which led there from her mother's cottage, she found the door always wide open. It was usually impossible for her to slow down to walking during these summers. When she couldn't be swimming, she "flew through the air with the greatest of ease." Perhaps the Sorcerer himself, small and bustling, a trifle humpbacked as a sorcerer should be, would welcome her; perhaps he'd already be in front of the house, exercising his spell on people from the summer colony gathered there. In winter-time these people were all biologists, historians, or mathematicians, but in the summers spent on the shores of the Bay of Launay's blue waters, they were sailors, swimmers, hikers, gay and singing companions.

How Eve loved those summers at Larcouët! She had been getting ready for them ever since she was a little girl, taking long hikes with her mother and sister over the roads and mountains of



Ewing Galloway



Associated Press



Courtesy of Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS" TALKS WITH R.A.F. FLIERS IN THE DESERT

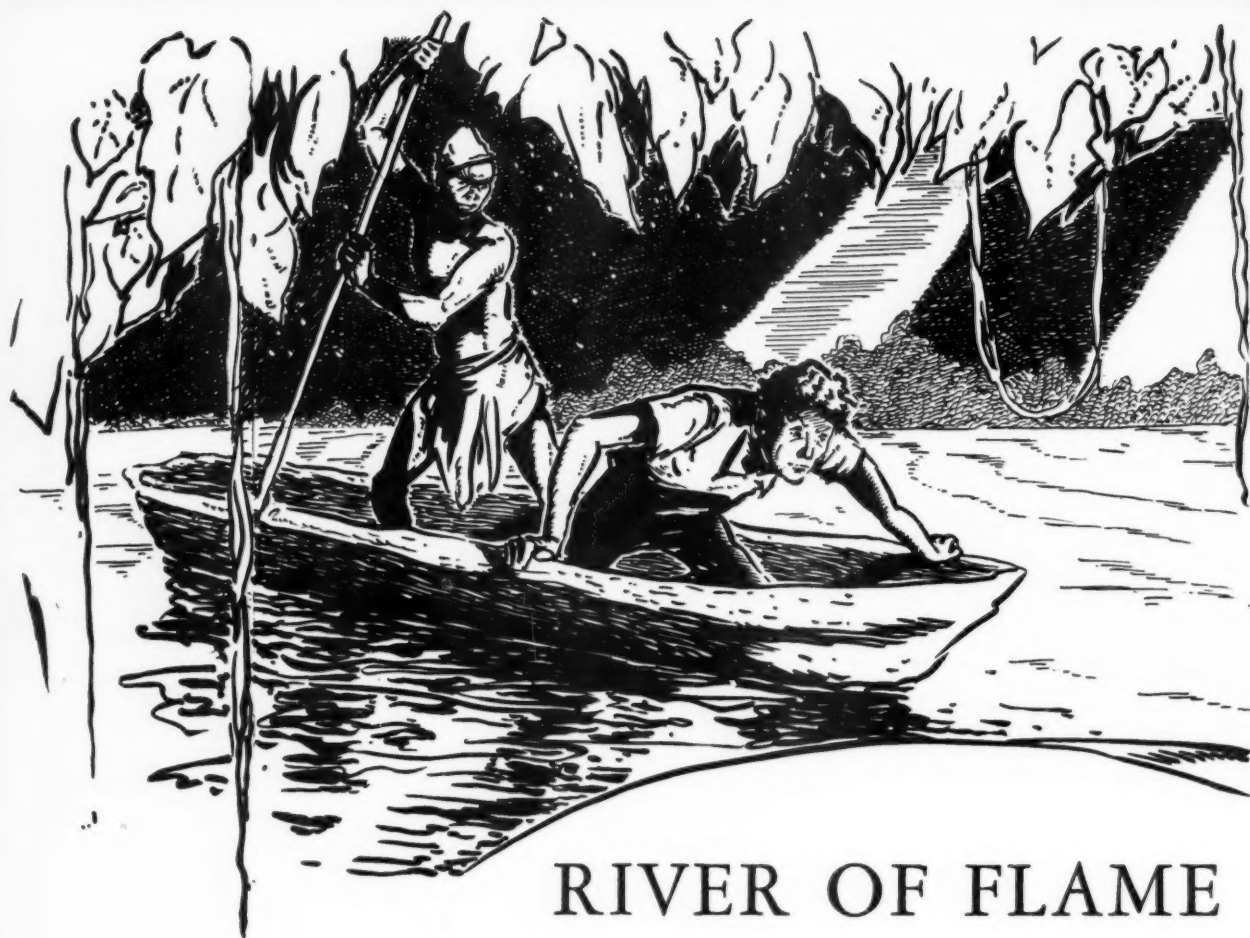
her mother's native Poland; she'd been getting ready for them since the days when she and Irene had spent hours on the trapezes and crossbars in their garden at Sceaux. Then it had been necessary to walk about on tiptoe, to speak in whispers, because her mother, ill from the shock of Professor Curie's death, had required quiet. But the Sorcerer of Larcouët drove away all sad memories and helped cure illness. Eve was sure that he had a great deal to do with the fact that, during the summers, Madame Curie was transformed from a scientist to a swimmer; from a public figure heaped with honors, to a toiling member of a rowing crew—and a member who didn't follow the stroke any too well and meekly accepted correction from the Sorcerer. With a wave of his wand (which looked like an ordinary oar) he would give his crew the first stroke, and lead the rhythm. He made his magic still more powerful by the melodies he taught his willing captives. Over the Bay of Launay would come floating bits of old folk songs, such as:

*Mon père a fait bâtir maison.
(Tirons donc sur nos avirons!)*
*Par quatre-vingts jeunes maçons.
Tire, tire, marinier! Tire!
Tirons donc sur nos avirons!*

*My father had a house built.
(Let us all pull hard on our oars!)*
*By eighty fine young builders.
Pull, sailors, pull on your oars,
Let us all pull hard on our oars!*

To this musical rhythm, which she could not resist, Eve joyously spent her summers in and on the water. She didn't mind the kind of work required to improve her swimming stroke, which became the admiration of the summer colony; she didn't mind the blisters acquired learning to sail the Sorcerer's yacht, *Eglantine*; nor, least of all, the time given to preparation when she was his chief assistant in the amateur theatricals which transformed the evenings to gay and hilarious occasions. The French girls and boys called these theatricals *revues*. At fifteen, Eve had a lot of fun planning for them. She didn't mind working over verses or songs, or practicing piano to help bring out the verses and songs of other people; she didn't mind toiling over the simple costumes, or thinking up new ways to help make these evenings successful. But in winter she had to set her teeth to go back to the test tubes and mathematical problems which were to gain her her degree at the Sevigné College.

Her mother, watching her, had increasingly less hope for the realization of her own plan of having Eve become a doctor who would study the medical applications of radium. Madame Curie was too wise a (Continued on page 27)



RIVER OF FLAME

IF AN enemy pilot can find a single cleared spot where he could land his plane anywhere in my Division," declared Uncle Alfred angrily, "I'll eat my sun helmet." He crammed the hat tighter on his head as though to emphasize the remark, and fixed the strap beneath his chin. "And if he can do it secretly and take off again secretly, without half a native tribe standing around to watch—and rushing into the station to tell me all about it—I'll eat the plane as well!"

Angela giggled; she couldn't help it.

He grinned back, straddled his motorcycle, kicked it to a start, and was off down the hot laterite road in a cloud of red African dust, the late tropical sun throwing his shadow well ahead of him. He would catch up with his carriers and make Arafu, the next small village on the Benue River, before sundown if he kept to that speed.

Angela turned back into the house. Poor Uncle Alfred! It was only this noon they'd arrived back from that tedious conference of Nigerian District Officers down at Lagos, the coast capital. And the very moment he was back, up comes a dusty runner with a message from the nearest telegraph office, sixty miles away, ordering him to drop all other official business and search the entire Division for a most improbable landing ground for enemy planes!

She poured herself another cup of tea, finished the cake Sam, the cook, had made—and it was a good one, too—then went into the small camp-like bedroom to unpack and settle in. Dresses to be shaken out, or plunged into the laundry bag, shoes that needed whitening, her new hair-do to fluff up and admire. She had had that done down in Lagos, which was a real city with all the modern amenities. Quite unlike this tiny bush station

Another story of British West Africa in which Angela gets a clue by short wave and tracks an enemy to his lair

on the Benue, where Uncle Alfred's was often the only white face she saw for weeks and weeks.

Of course Angela knew what was behind that telegram. Lagos had been seething with wartime rumors, even though the actual battle had receded from Africa. A giant transport plane, traveling from west to east and carrying two American officers on their way to India—an official of the OWI and a famous news correspondent—had crashed in East Africa, killing all on board. The burned wreckage was found to be riddled with bullet holes, but there was no survivor to say how they had occurred. A week later another big transport plane had disappeared, just vanished somewhere in the unmapped heart of the continent. Perhaps by now it had been found and the bullet marks were what had led to the sudden orders for Uncle Alfred.

It wasn't until after dinner that the houseboy, in the doorway, said, "Hatasu to zo."

And there Hatasu was, with her big, swinging, silver earrings, her white skirt cloth almost solid with bright embroidery, tinkling silver bracelets on her slim, brown arms. Sinking to the floor in graceful salutation, Hatasu made apology for arriving so late. But even the daughter of the native chief had home duties and responsibilities.

It was grand to see Hatasu again; there was so much to talk



CURLY'S CANOEMAN SAW IT FIRST—SOMETHING WHICH ANGELA THOUGHT WAS THE BACK OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS

By ERICK BERRY

Illustrated by the author

about. They moved out onto the terrace—Angela to a deck chair, Hatasu to a native mat—where they could watch the sunset die along the broad mirror of the river, and listen to the egrets settle for the night in the big, rustling gignia palms, and the little bats come squeaking from their hiding places.

Hatasu had brought her knitting. Angela herself had just learned to knit, and together they had worked out the stitches necessary for the simplest of the Red Cross requirements.

"You've done a heap more than I have," Angela mourned. "I'll have to get busy, now I'm back!"

Hatasu, it seemed, had brought news. "My father, the Chief, has gone to his northern farm to see with his own eyes that there are no wheel marks of the *jirigin sama*, the sky machine. And moreover he has proclaimed that each man, from village chief to beggar, must walk over each foot of his secret clearing. But I do not understand—" she wrinkled her brow. "Is it that we seek a new kind of *mai fasben hanya*?"

"A breaker of roads?" Angela chuckled. Well, that was a good enough translation of "highwayman" and there were certainly highways of the air as well as of the earth. "It is important that the new way to carry soldiers and stores through the skies," she explained in the native tongue, "be safe as well as swift. Or else the carrier planes must always take with them armed planes besides. And that would mean waste—as though each trader who carried a load on his head across this country must take with him two soldiers for protection."

"My father says it was even so, in the old days; that each person went armed. That was before the English came," commented Hatasu.

Yes, keeping the peace was a large part of the District Officer's job, Angela reflected.

There was other news of the town, of people they both knew. It was growing late when Hatasu, having exhausted her last scrap of gossip, bade a ceremonious goodnight and melted away into the silent darkness.

Angela went in, to bed.

The mosquito net of the white camp bed was tucked in neatly all around, as must always be done to keep out the malaria-laden mosquito of the tropics. Angela, in pajamas, lifted one side, slid in, reached out an arm to turn out her oil lamp, and tucked the net carefully back in place. Then she pulled it out again to reach the dial of the little battery radio beside her bed. The battery was faint—goodness knew when they'd ever get a new one!

Immediately her ears caught the far-off hum of a plane outside, one of the big transports. Sometimes it was possible to pick up the voice of the pilot as he exchanged weather news with his base. She knew most of the names of the pilots and could even recognize their voices. Of course, lately, they might have had orders not to use their radios, since these attacks had started.

But they hadn't. And tonight the voice belonged to a pilot known as Curly. Reporting his height, his course, and visibility.

"Well, so long! And put a couple of cokes on ice for me two

days from now," said the voice from the radio. Then it gave a sudden, sharp yelp. "Hi, Lefty," Curly yelled, "there's a guy taking a pass at us!" And the radio went silent.

Angela leaped from her bed and dashed out to the veranda. No red, white, and green lights blinked in the sky, such as the transport plane had always carried. Either they weren't using them now, or Curly had switched them off. But high above, about where the transport should be, came the faint scream of a diving plane and a thin bright streak like a falling star. Too red for a star, though. Could it be tracer bullets?

A deeper scream, changing in tone. That could only be the heavy transport, diving and twisting to escape. Another thin streak, shooting upwards this time. Then the battle, if such cold-blooded murder could be called battle, was out of sight and hearing.

Angela stood shivering on the warm concrete of the veranda steps. There was nothing she could do, nothing that even Uncle Alfred could have done if he had been home.

AT THE first streak of dawn, Angela sent off a runner with her message. "To Governor River Provinces. Suspect enemy interference with transport plane last night ten twenty-seven. Flashes, perhaps tracers, and sound of plane maneuvering overhead. District Officer away. Angela Woodruff."

Early-morning tea and half a pawpaw, brought to her bedside, scarcely broke Angela's worried train of thought. There must be something else she could do. But what? She bathed, dressed, and went to the vegetable garden, dabbed at it a while with a hoe, came in and tried to concentrate on Elizabethan literature, then sent another runner off, this time to Uncle Alfred. And finally went down herself to the native town, and in the absence of the Chief, interviewed the grave, white-bearded Waziri.

The learned Chief Minister sent horsemen galloping off in the direction in which the planes had disappeared, to see if they could gather further news. But the natives now took the passage of the constant airliners as a matter of course, scarcely troubling even to glance up, and anyway they would have been asleep when the fighting—if that was what it was—took place. Except for her radio and Curly's startled exclamation, Angela herself would have known nothing.

Breakfast, with a book propped against the coffeepot. Then the sudden sound of hoofs, and as Angela looked up a group of horsemen swept around the circular drive.

"W'hoa there! W'hoa! Or whatever it is in your lingo!" The voice was strangely familiar, but the young man in crumpled khaki who climbed awkwardly out of the high native saddle was someone Angela had never seen before.

As he mounted the steps, she rose and went out to meet him.

"Speak English?" he asked doubtfully.

"Been known to," said Angela with a grin. Then, hospitably, "Have some breakfast, won't you?"

But he wouldn't even take a chair. "Those guys," he jerked his head back towards the Chief Minister's horsemen, "herded me up here. Bill and young Blackmer are guarding what's left of the plane. Where's your 'phone?"

"I'm sorry, we have none. And the nearest telegraph office

is sixty miles away," Angela had to admit. Then it dawned on her why the visitor had sounded like a friend. "Oh, you're Curly, aren't you? I saw you fighting overhead last night."

"Fighting? Don't make me laugh, Sister! That Jerry had us cold. Crowded us down to a crash landing, and would have burned us all up if he hadn't run out of ammunition, or jammed his gun or something." He spoke with bitterness. "But say, I've got to get word back somehow. Is there a car or something I can borrow?"

There was nothing. There wasn't even a road, just a small bush path over which the motorbike could travel. The best Angela could do was to take him into Uncle Alfred's little office and give him the telegraph pad and pencil. Then she returned to the veranda and asked the horsemen just where they had discovered the wrecked plane, and checked the place on the big hand-drawn map on the wall so Curly could report the exact spot.

When Curly returned, she put his message in a special envelope, franked it with the D.O.'s stamp, and sent one of the horsemen cantering off with it. The remainder of the robed and turbaned gathering, having accomplished their purpose and handed the stranger over in safety, rode away, chatting, to the native town.

"I'm afraid you'll have a long wait," Angela told her impatient guest. "Why not have breakfast now? The river fish is excellent and Sam makes quite respectable coffee. And, by the way, my name is Angela Woodruff, and my Uncle is District Officer of the River Division. He's combing the countryside right now for your enemy's secret landing ground."

Curly held out a large hand, Angela shook it. If he was rumpled and unshaven and a shade ungracious, that was easily accounted for. It couldn't be pleasant to be attacked and shot down when utterly defenceless, and in a strange land miles from anywhere. But he was good-looking in his way, with a well-shaped head, nice shoulders, and an easy way of moving. And when he saw there was really nothing more to be done for the present, he began to relax.

Quite complimentary he was about the coffee, and managed three helpings of fish. He was smoking one of Uncle Alfred's cigarettes when Hatasu appeared, hurrying up the road from the village, urging before her a man, a native, who from his powerful shoulders and spindly legs seemed to be a canoe man.

They paused for brief greeting on the veranda steps. Angela waved them to come in.

"Gosh, you do speak the lingo!" said Curly admiringly.

"I have to," explained Angela, "or hardly speak at all. Hatasu and the houseboy are the only ones who know any English. Keep still now, I want to find out what this man has to say. It must be something important."

And it was.

"I have seen nothing, I know nothing, for who am I to disobey the orders of the White Man? Or enter those places which the White Man has set apart because of the *chiwon barchi*, the sleeping sickness?" The fisherman would have protested his innocence still further, but Hatasu silenced him with a quick gesture.

"In the marketplace, just now, he spoke of sounds like those of a *jirigin sama*, a sky machine. At night he heard them, (Continued on page 40)



SINKING TO HER KNEES IN SALUTATION, HATASU MADE APOLOGY FOR BEING LATE

MARTINIQUE—

TROUBLE SPOT *in the* CARIBBEAN

By HELEN FOLLETT

Author of "Ocean Outposts," and "Islands on Guard"



MOUNT PELÉE, WORLD-FAMOUS VOLCANO ON THE ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE



ISLANDS everywhere—little ones, big ones, those we never heard of before and whose names we can't pronounce—are creating a stir in the world today. Many of them will never again regain their contented isolation, for they have suddenly become vital steppingstones from one continent to another, or are important as guardians of the continents themselves. Others are called "trouble spots" and are unhappily blockaded from the world beyond their shores. One of these trouble spots is the beautiful French island of Martinique in the West Indies.

Many pictures of Martinique have appeared recently—pictures of the famous volcano, Pelée; of the capital city, Fort-de-France, which climbs enchantingly up the hills among flowering trees and gorgeous flowers; of the island's magnificent villas, homes of the few wealthy French families; of the important industries; of the Negro shacks; and of the splendid harbor, large enough to hold a fleet of ships. If these pictures ever reach the blockaded shores of Martinique, the inhabitants must surely be thrilled at so much free advertising of their beloved island.

Why is this French island a trouble spot? For the answer, look at the map of the Caribbean Sea and its island boundary. The Sea itself guards one of the most strategic defense areas of the Americas—the Panama Canal; and a whole chain of islands guards the Caribbean Sea itself. Most of the islands in the chain belong, fortunately, to our allies, but in the middle of the chain lies Martinique—and its sister island, Guadeloupe—alarmingly close to the Panama Canal. Is it any wonder, then, that the United States is keeping a watchful eye on Martinique, even de-

priving the islanders of the ships that come to their shores in peacetime, loaded with food, luxuries from Paris, and the money-spending tourists?

Still, Martinique has lived through worse calamities, and has come through them, gay and smiling. Along with the island's turbulent history have gone nature's own havoc-raising activities,

such as devastating hurricanes and the eruptions of the island's world-renowned volcano. Even today, the inhabitants speak of Pelée not so much with awe as with pride, as if to say, "There's a volcano for you! A volcano that once, in a terrific second of time, disgorged rivers of flame, consuming an entire town with its thirty thousand people!"

"Pelée is still alive," was my first thought when I saw the magnificent volcano that dominates Martinique. There

it was, sitting heavily across the entire width of the northern end of the island, its massive sides of varying shades of green bathed in sunlight, and its summit in the clouds. It looked peaceful but grim; and it was not hard to realize that, in long-ago 1902, Pelée finally gave way to its pent-up wrath with horrible effect.

At that time, St. Pierre, at the foot of the volcano, was the capital of the island and the gayest town in all the West Indies. It was "Little Paris" in the Caribbean, and rich and pleasure-loving people from all parts of the world flocked there to enjoy life in a tropical paradise. Artists went to St. Pierre to paint the beauty of sky and sea, the radiant blossoming of trees and flowers, the delightful seventeenth century houses, and the varied moods of the great volcano. The native women, dressed in long gowns of vivid colors, with gay turbans on their black hair,

Many an island, formerly isolated, has become today a threat or a safeguard to the mainland. Such an island is French Martinique

added the exotic touch that charmed visitors from across the sea. In the midst of the merriment that ran high in the marble theater and echoed beneath the awning-shaded cafés of St. Pierre, sounded the deep tolling of the bells in the cathedral up in the hills.

"Pelée is grumbling again—the old fishwife," laughed the gay revelers, one starry night in the fateful year. This time, however, the warning given by the volcano was in earnest. Hardly had the townspeople gone to sleep when the explosion came. Down from the mountain flowed rivers of flame that engulfed the entire town and all its people, and even reached out to the ships in the harbor. Only one ship escaped. Badly burned as it was, it managed to reach Fort-de-France, carrying the tragic news.

That was the end of charming St. Pierre. For more than forty years now, Pelée has remained quiet and, they say, a volcanologist lives up in the hills who understands the beatings of a volcano's heart and will give ample warning in case of future eruptions. With this gentleman's blessing, a new little town at the foot of the volcano has been struggling into existence.

The struggle has been a slow one. When I visited the sleepy village, there were hardly more than a handful of scattered houses, a Catholic church, a street of little shops, a schoolroom, and an open-air market by the sea. There were, also, ruins standing here and there, almost completely covered with flowering vines. Nature had done her work faster than the townspeople had done theirs.

One of my reasons for visiting St. Pierre was that, in reaching the little town from Fort-de-France, it gave me a chance to become acquainted with so much of the island itself. I could choose the high mountain road, or the sea route, so I chose both of them, one going and the other returning.

The high road presented varying scenes of tropical beauty. Hills rose above one another, reaching upward to the rugged mountains of deep green; ancient forest land revealed giant tree ferns and distorted trees, enormous in size, that had been struggling for centuries to rid themselves of strangling vegetation and reach the sunlight. Golden plantations appeared, an almost endless acreage of sugar cane—men, women, and children at work, the men swinging long-bladed knives like cutlasses and laying low the stalks for the women to bind into huge bundles. Here and there a motor truck (sometimes an ox-drawn cart)

All Photographs by Three Lions



ABOVE: A TYPICAL NATIVE WOMAN STANDING BESIDE THE STATUE OF JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE, WHO WAS A GIRL FROM MARTINIQUE



LEFT: ISLAND WOMEN DELIVERING BANANAS, A SOURCE OF FOOD THE INHABITANTS ARE GRATEFUL FOR, NOW THAT THEY ARE SO ISOLATED

BELOW LEFT: A VIEW OF THE LOWER SLOPES OF MOUNT PELÉE AND A TINY FISHING VILLAGE WHICH HUGS THE CRESCENT-SHAPED BAY

BELOW: HILLS ROLL, ONE ABOVE ANOTHER, RISING IN TROPICAL GREENNESS TO THE GRIM SLOPES OF MOUNT PELÉE WHICH DOMINATES THE SCENE





LEFT: A NATIVE WOMAN IN FORT-DE-FRANCE. RIGHT: AN ARTISAN IN ONE OF THE SHOPS WHICH LURE THE TOURIST

was being loaded to carry the cane to the central factory, or "usine," where machinery was waiting to crush the cane and allow the liquid to flow through pipes into great vats. That liquid, distilled, meant the island's richest product—the famous Martinique rum. All this the driver up on the high road described with pride.

Then, at last, the road dropped seaward, as the hills descended to meet the blue Caribbean. In the distance, Pelée rose like a forbidding giant at whose feet—and climbing courageously up the massive sides—lay the scattered little houses of St. Pierre.

The sea road, via the island's motor launch, gave enchanting glimpses of the fishing villages along the shore. There were always graceful palm trees, wooden shacks among them, and a church with its slender spire—the whole scene decorated with fish nets which hung in loops, like lace curtains, on the trees and shrubs. Each village had its jetty that extended out over the water. When the launch, which was the village's contact with the busy city life of Fort-de-France, tied up at the wharf, a throng of black men, women, and children flocked down the jetty in a gay mood. Black hands reached across the narrow slit of water to grasp those of visiting friends from the other villages. Bundles and the mail pouch were tossed ashore; other bundles were brought aboard. With a wild waving of hands and shouting, the motor launch chugged its way from the wobbly wooden pier. It was off to the next village.

With the extinction of St. Pierre, in 1902, the village of Fort-de-France took on new life, and during the years expanded into the present active and colorful seaport town that has welcomed thousands of Americans. What caught my eye especially, on one occasion, was the assortment of ships in the harbor—numerous native sailing ships with crooked masts, some with laughing Negro captains aboard and litters of pigs on deck; an American schooner from Maine with flour and lumber for the islanders; several freighters, loading and unloading; and a French cargo ship preparing for a long trip to the South Pacific. It seemed to me, at that moment, that all I wanted was to go off sailing in that French cargo vessel; and at the end of that summer, I actually did sail off in her—another reason, perhaps, for my special

fondness for this romantic French island.

Martinique always put on a vivid and noisy spectacle when a shipload of tourists pulled up at the wharf. Shouts and greetings in French filled the air, and mingled with them were the high-pitched cries of the Negro women, who bore enormous baskets of fruit on their heads. These women, tall and even noble in appearance, carried their burdens magnificently as they strode toward the ship, their head baskets loaded with mangoes, avocados, bananas, and green coconuts. "Coco à boire?" they cried. Then a Negro woman would slash off the top of a large, green coconut, and, for a few *centimes*, the traveler might refresh himself with a cool drink—although I must confess that I myself, because of my inexperience with green coconuts, lost a good deal of that liquid. Drinking gracefully and neatly from a green coconut is a



ABOVE: THE HARBOR OF FORT-DE-FRANCE. LEFT: A MARTINIQUE WOMAN WEARING THE TYPICAL NATIVE DRESS AND A KERCHIEF

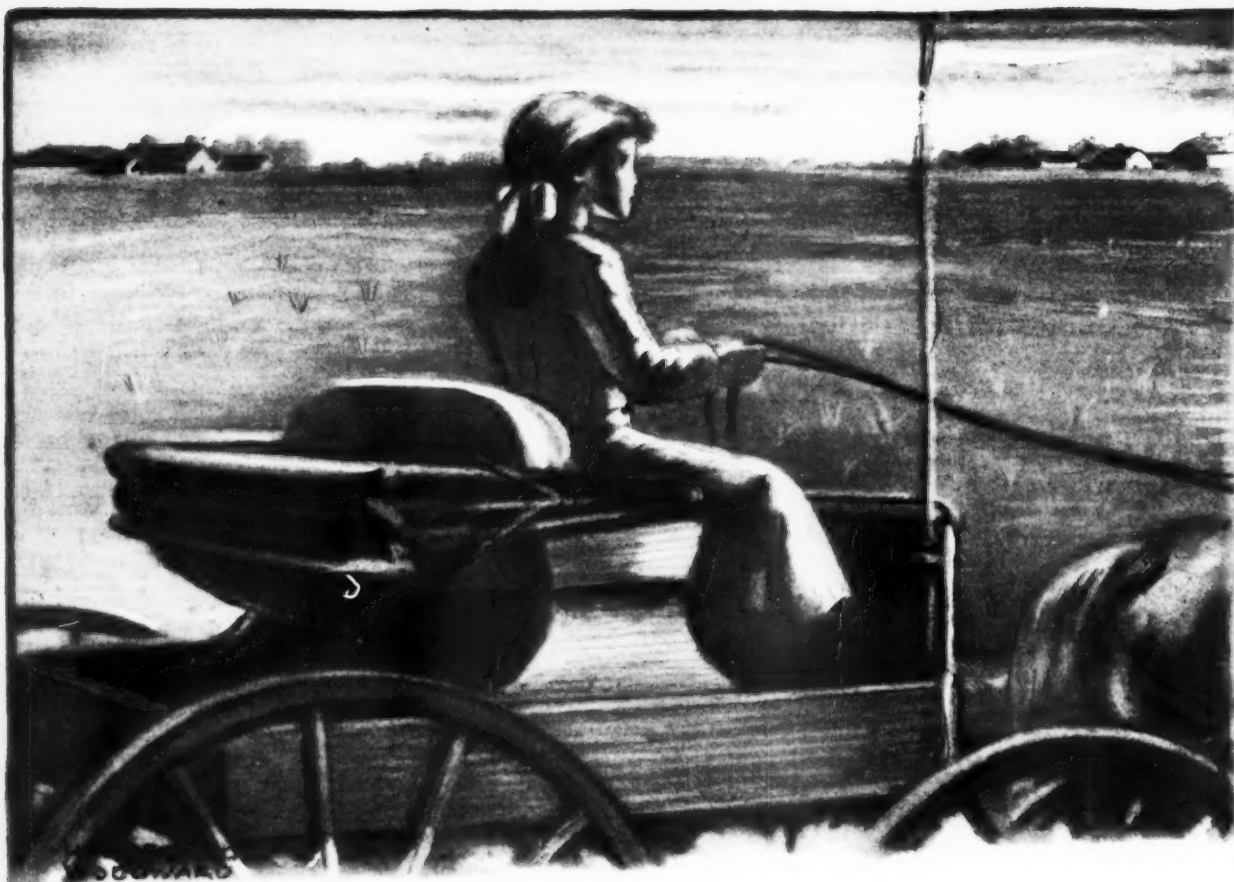


trick in itself—something, however, worth mastering in the tropics.

The crowd on the wharf was a shifting scene of many colors. White-coated officials, and their wives dressed smartly in Paris frocks; some Negro women, wearing gay turbans and clad in rich silks, with trains which they held over their arms; school children in simple cotton dresses; the poorer Negroes in makeshift garments of faded colors—all of them mingled together in an amiable and excited throng. As striking background rose the luxuriantly green hills, bouquets of flowering trees among them and

brooding Pelée in the distance.

Fort-de-France was what I had hoped it would be—a piece of old France. The narrow streets were lined with houses, some with small shops on the ground floor, or with sidewalk cafés shaded by gay awnings. Red roofs rose above each other as the streets led from the shore up into the hills. Here were the town homes of some of the wealthy French families, presenting on the street side only shuttered windows and doors. It was easy to guess that beautiful gardens lay behind the walls, in the rear of the houses, and that the French families maintained their privacy against the curious eyes of the passers-by. Farther up in the hills one caught glimpses, among the rich greenness, of the splendid villas of the same prosperous families. (Continued on page 37)



INDIAN MOUND FARM

PADDY-pad, paddy-pad, went the hoofs of Chief, the sorrel horse, along the old National Pike. Pamela found it very cosy sitting between Uncle and Aunt in the buggy. It was a fine day and the buggy's top had been put down so that she could see everything for miles around. The great city of Saint Louis and the State of Missouri lay behind them across the river. All about them stretched flat, black bottom land which had once been the bed of an even greater Mississippi in past ages. Everywhere the young corn was rising, bright green against the dark soil. The farms with their outbuildings seemed like broody hens calling their chicks under their wings. As far as Pamela's glance could go, there was no rise of land anywhere in all this countryside which seemed to be one great cornfield.

There were many things for her to watch, and yet in her heart she kept thinking, "It's too flat. When the corn grows tall, it will smother us. I wish I hadn't come."

Perhaps Uncle noticed that Pamela was very quiet. "Can you drive?" he asked, and when she nodded, he gave her the reins.

"Chief is a good horse," he told her. "He's young and fast, but blowing paper is about the only thing he's afraid of."

Driving a new horse took most of Pamela's attention. She never noticed the lifted gate, nor the house built close to the road until Uncle said, "Here's the tollgate. We have to pay three cents to go through."

Then, as she pulled up Chief who had slowed down of his own accord, she saw the bars, white against the sky, and the fences running across the ditches to meet the main field fences,

and the house with its small bay window where the tollgate keeper could sit watching for passers-by.

Uncle stood up, felt in his pocket, and gave Pamela three cents, but no one appeared at the tollhouse door.

"Hello, there! Wilson!" Uncle shouted a little impatiently. Still no one answered.

"I shan't wait here all day," Uncle exclaimed to Aunt, reaching to take the reins from Pamela's hands.

"Oh, I think you'd better call just once more," Aunt said, a little nervously.

"Wilson! Are you coming? Wilson!" Uncle shouted.

Still no answer came from the little house.

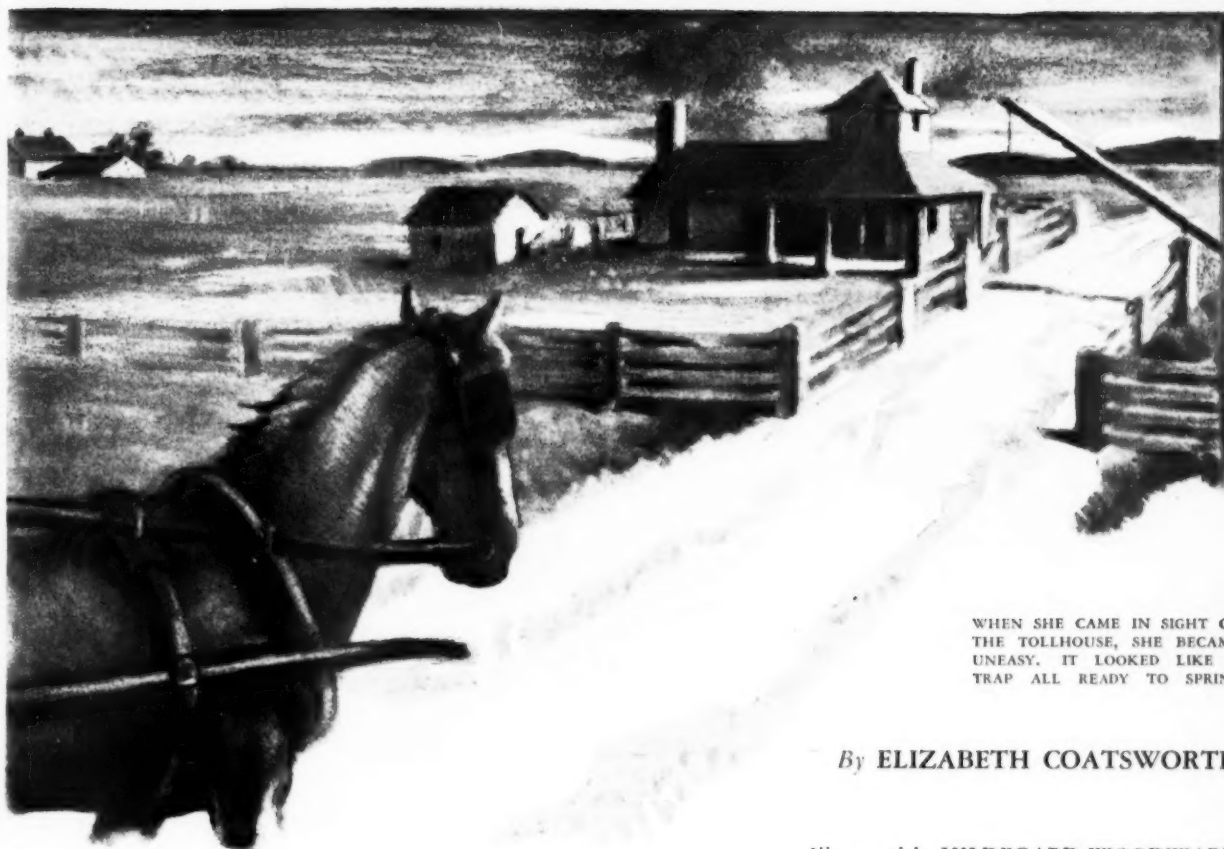
Uncle gave a snort of annoyance. This time he picked up the reins and clucked to Chief.

"He saw us all right," he muttered to himself, but just as they started off again, the door of the tollhouse opened as though someone had been standing hidden inside, with a hand on the knob waiting for the first sound of hoofs, and a young man ran out.

"Hi, there!" he in turn shouted. "What do you think you're doing, passing a tollhouse, anyway? Pull in that horse!"

Uncle pulled Chief in, scowling, and the young man came up to the wheel, taking his time about it.

"So it's you, Mr. Hall, is it?" he asked with a disagreeableness which matched the look on his face. "I'm not going to tell you again, sir, you'll get into trouble if you keep on trying to pass this gate without paying."



WHEN SHE CAME IN SIGHT OF THE TOLLHOUSE, SHE BECAME UNEASY. IT LOOKED LIKE A TRAP ALL READY TO SPRING

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Illustrated by HILDEGARD WOODWARD

Uncle neither answered him nor looked at him, but Aunt nudged Pamela. "Give him the money, dear," she murmured and Pamela handed the three cents to the young man.

For a moment her fingers brushed his and she started back, feeling his hand cold and wet on that bright June morning.

"All right this time," he went on in a bullying tone. "But don't let me have to speak to you again about paying, Mr. Hall."

Chief started forward with a jerk and for a while nothing was said. Then Uncle exclaimed, "I tell you, Maud, I'm going to take this up with the road company. I'm not going to be insulted every time I have to take the road west. Wilson was in the window as we came up. He just held back on purpose."

"I know, I know," Aunt agreed. "But remember how much we like old Mrs. Wilson. It was for her sake he was given the job and he's never been like this before. It's just begun since you caught him trying to fence in some of your land and stopped him. He's mad about it, but he'll get over it. And if he lost this place, I don't know what they'd do for a living. We'd hate to have Mrs. Wilson go to the poorhouse."

"I don't know how such a fine old lady ever managed to have such a son," Uncle grumbled. "But I suppose you're right. I'd like to take the horse whip to him, that's what I'd like to do, but I'll try to be patient."

"Thank you," Aunt said. "Pamela, we're nearly home. There's Indian Mound!"

Pamela had been so excited that she had never glanced ahead. Now she looked and, wonder upon wonders, she found that they

were driving toward a whole group of hills and hillocks, rising straight out of the black cornland. The hill to the north of the pike was much the highest. It had steep sides and a flat top with a wide terrace part way up. On the top was a red farmhouse with white verandas and smoke blowing cheerfully from its kitchen chimney like a feather, and there were barns and sheds on the lower terrace. A road wound up its side.

Uncle pulled up Chief before starting up the steep road. "How do you like Indian Mound Farm?" he asked. "You've never lived on an Indian mound before, now, have you?"

Pamela's eyes opened wider and wider. "An Indian mound?" she repeated. "Is that an Indian mound?"

"Why, Pamela," Aunt exclaimed, "did I forget to tell you that? I thought you knew. And do you see the schoolhouse across the road? It has a mound of its own, not as big as ours, of course. We're ninety-nine feet in the air. But the schoolhouse mound is steeper. When school is open, you ought to see the children come flying down the path at the closing bell! I'm always afraid they'll break their necks."

Chief turned his face with its long, uneven, white blaze back toward his driver, as though to say that he had rested enough, but Uncle gave Pamela a moment more to look around her.

"They say it would have taken a thousand Indians five years to bring all the earth for it," Uncle went on. "I don't know why they went to all that trouble, but then I never can make out what goes on in an Indian's mind."

Pamela nodded. She was sure she understood why the mounds

*The second story about
Pamela's visit to the farm
—in which she finds a
champion in Pawnee Sam*

had been built. The mound builders, too, had thought the bottoms were too flat. Thank goodness, she wasn't going to live in the lowlands after all. That nasty tollhouse keeper and his tollhouse could stay down there. She would be on a hill, looking over all the world.

Uncle whistled to Chief and raised the reins, and off they went, up the winding road, past the barns on the first terrace level, and up again, more steeply this time, to the flat cap of the pyramid where they drew up with a flourish at the farm's back door.

A pleasant middle-aged woman appeared at the steps to welcome them, and a dozen geese came waddling out from the grasses beside the drive.

Aunt introduced Pamela to Mrs. Lewis, the housekeeper, and then to the geese.

"We don't keep a watchdog, Pamela," she explained, "but these geese are better than any watchdog for driving off strangers. And, of course, I pluck them each year for feather beds. They won't bother you now that they've seen you with us."

Pamela looked at the geese a little doubtfully. Pompey and Caesar and Mark Antony and Cleopatra and the rest seemed to be rather severe, with their long white necks like snakes, and their hard yellow beaks. They stood about in a semicircle, eyeing her, as it seemed, coldly and apparently discussing her in low tones.

But away from the others stood a solitary goose. His feathers were not so spotless as theirs, his beak was not so bright a yellow, and the look he bent on Pamela was hopeful and rather sad.

"Aunt, Aunt," called Pamela as Aunt turned to go, "what's the name of that one over there, the sad one?"

Aunt stopped to look.

"Oh, that's poor Livy," she explained. "A sow stepped on his foot when he was a gosling and he's lame. Come in, dear. I'll show you your room."

Pamela's room was in a tower and it had three windows.

There was a window looking north over the cornlands, and another looking west to the distant blue smoke and faintly outlined spires which marked Saint Louis across the river by day, and the twinkle of lights which lay in a pool on the horizon at night. But Pamela's favorite window looked south across the road toward the creek and the schoolhouse mound and all the mysterious mounds rising out of the corn. She felt like a princess in her solitary, high room, or like a bird in its nest. She could hear the patter of drops on the roof over her head when it rained and the wind had a special word for her as it passed by. All her life she had lived in a wave of children; now she was often alone, and knowing that it was not for long, loved her solitude.

There were only grown-up people at the farm, Uncle and Aunt, Mrs. Lewis, and the farm hands, Bill and Al and Pawnee Sam, the Indian. They were all busy most of the day; and Pamela, too, had her own chores, though when they were finished she was free to do what she chose. It was after supper in the warm evening dusk that the household met together, the women and Pamela sitting in rockers on the veranda, while the men lounged on the steps. Al had

an accordion, battered and mended, but still able to wheeze out its tunes gaily enough. As they sat watching the lights of Saint Louis appear like fireflies, Al would play a jig, or Bill, who had been a riverman, would sing an old song, or perhaps Uncle would tell a story. Only Pawnee Sam took small part in the singing, or talking. He was an old man in clothes too big for him, who wore his battered felt hat indoors and out, worked hard, and went his own way. Pamela was very interested in him, as she had been in Livy.

"I'M GOING over to Saddler's today to buy pigs," Uncle announced at breakfast, one Monday morning after a rainy week end. "Want to come, Pamela?"

"I'd love to, Uncle," Pamela said.

Soon after breakfast they started out in the buggy, with Chief. Aunt was busy with the wash and couldn't go. She waved them a cheerful good-by from the steps, and Livy honked after them a reproachful farewell.

Down the steep road slowly they went, Chief holding back the weight of the buggy, looking as though he might sit down at any moment. Then they were on the level, and away. Chief gave a snort of pleasure. There was still a wet gleam on the wayside grasses in the ditches, the corn was newly washed by the rain, and now and then the horse's hoofs splashed pleasantly, as they drove westward.

Pamela never came to the tollhouse without a feeling of dread, for though the keeper had not been so rude again as he had been on that first day, he was always unfriendly in his manner. But this morning it was a little old lady who hurried out of the door to take their money, inquiring kindly about Aunt, and darting back like a gray mouse to bring Pamela a piece of gingerbread, still smelling of the oven.

Mrs. Wilson was just as nice as her son was horrid. It seemed funny that two people who lived together, and were mother and son, should be so different.

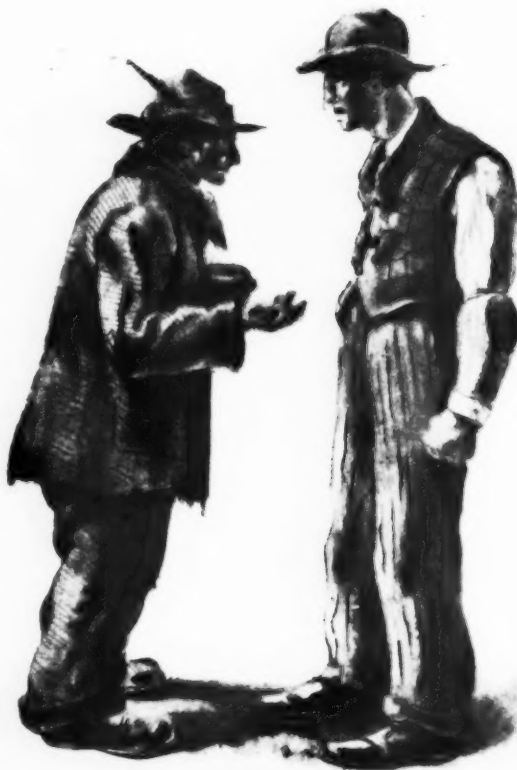
"Perhaps his father was an ogre," Pamela thought. "That would explain it." She saw Mrs. Wilson bustling about an ogre's castle, helping captives to escape and bringing up an ogre baby.

"I wonder when she knew for sure that he was going to be an ogre," she went on to herself. "Perhaps she came in and found him playing with a bone instead of his rattle."

It was a rather dreadful picture. Some Monarch butterflies flew past and changed her thoughts. Then there was the Saddler farm, and she went with Uncle to look at the black pigs, very nice in their big green field with a comfortable wallow in one corner for hot days when the flies were bad.

Mr. Saddler wasn't at home. But he was expected back early in the afternoon, Mrs. Saddler assured them. And she knew for certain that he had some young stock for sale.

"Aunt will be anxious," Uncle said. "She expects us home by noon. I'll stay here, and Mr. Saddler can drive me back with the pigs when he comes in. You take Chief, Pamela, and go along now. It's the first turn to the left, and after that it's straight ahead." (Continued on page 30)



HE STOOD LIKE SOME RAIN-FADED SCARECROW.
"TAKE PENNY," HE REPEATED FLATLY, "QUICK!"

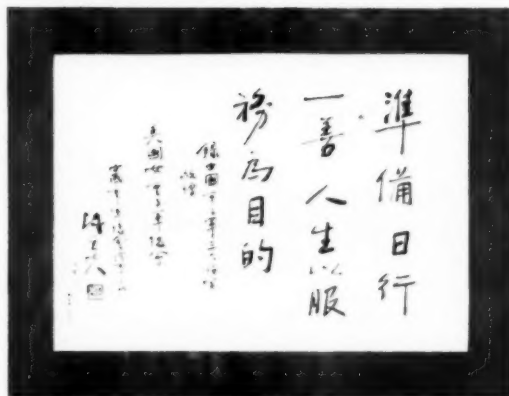
GIRL SCOUTS *of* CHINA *in* WARTIME

By NEWTON CHIANG,
Adviser to the Scouts of China



TOP: CHINESE GIRL SCOUTS DISTRIBUTED RICE, BOUGHT WITH A CONTRIBUTION FROM THE JULIETTE LOW WORLD FRIENDSHIP FUND, TO SIX THOUSAND FAMILIES OF SOLDIERS IN AND AROUND CHUNGKING

RIGHT: THE SCROLL SENT WITH GREETINGS TO THE GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA. TRANSLATED, IT READS: "MAY I HAVE THE HONOR TO WRITE THE THREE MOTTOES FROM CHINESE SCOUTS—BE PREPARED; EACH DAY DO AT LEAST ONE GOOD ACT; THE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS SERVICE. TO BE PRESENTED TO THE GIRL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS OF AMERICA FROM THE CHINESE SCOUT HEADQUARTERS." IT WAS WRITTEN AND SIGNED BY CHEN LI-FU, NATIONAL DIRECTOR OF SCOUTING IN CHINA, ALSO MINISTER OF EDUCATION. RIGHT: NEWTON CHIANG, AUTHOR, EDUCATOR, AND ADVISER TO THE SCOUTS OF CHINA



GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK, FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH

Scouting, as it is in China today, should be an inspiration to Scouts everywhere in the world



GIRL SCOUTING in China was founded in 1916. The movement gradually spread all over China. The troops were helped a great deal by the American missionaries and mission schools, and in big cities by the Y.W.C.A. from America. The first ten years, from 1916—1926, Girl Scouting in China was more or less in an experimental period. Each troop was independent. They tried out different ways of organization and training, but the strongest was the American Girl Scout system.

The next ten years, from 1927 to 1937, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts joined hands to form one united headquarters. This came into being in 1937. We translated the American Boy Scout constitution and, based on this, formulated our own Girl Scout and Boy Scout constitution. In 1927 began the work of registration of troops, Scouters, leaders, and Scouts; and in the ten years following, the Chinese Girl Scouts enjoyed quite a steady growth. Then, in the autumn of 1937, the Board of Education in China adopted Girl Scout training in all primary and junior high schools.



RIGHT: DR. NEWTON CHIANG, HIS WIFE, SEVEN SONS, AND HALF SISTER. IN 1938, THIS FAMILY TRAVELED SIX THOUSAND MILES, MOSTLY ON FOOT, TO ESCAPE THE INVADING JAPANESE



BELOW: IN MARCH, 1943, THE GENERALISSIMO PRESENTED HONORARY MEDALS TO SCOUTS WHO HAD RISKED THEIR LIVES TO SAVE OTHERS. BELOW, RIGHT: DR. CHEN LI-FU, NATIONAL DIRECTOR; DAI GI-TAO, VICE PRESIDENT; YEN KAI-LIN, A COUNSELOR MEMBER; AND CHANG CHUNG-JEN, GENERAL SECRETARY—OFFICIALS OF THE SCOUT MOVEMENT IN CHINA



On July 7, 1937, the Sino-Japanese War broke out at the Marco Polo Bridge near Peiping, North China. At the beginning of the War the Girl Scouts gladly volunteered to help, mainly in two projects—on the one hand to help defend the Motherland, resisting Japanese invasion; and on the other hand, to help in many ways to win the War. At present we have two hundred thousand Girl Scouts in China, and about twelve hundred Girl Scout troops. During the War, the different troops have organized additional units. These are called "War Time Service Unit Troops." We now have about one hundred and eighty of these units, which have incorporated with the Boy Scouts for this purpose, and operate in different regions and cities.

The Girl Scouts of China have many duties as follows: They work as messengers, using their bicycles to take messages to different places, especially to the Army near the front line. They carry no written messages but, due to their memories which are remarkable, make their minds the storage place for all information they must carry to guerrillas, etc.

They help in police stations, to release young men for the front line fighting.

They act as guides to refugees from one city to another, leading them into Free China. Because there are so many people moving West, sometimes the Japanese dress like Chinese and can only be told apart by their speech. These Girl Scouts help the local government to investigate different families, to be sure they are really Chinese refugees and not spies. In this way they get full information about refugees, discovering the spies and learning which refugees are in need of education, or are ill; in



for refugee children, and also in rural centers. These dramas are not for fun, but are really a part of the mass education designed to teach the people to have a stubborn will to defeat Japan—and, on the other hand, to teach them about the heroes of history, both Chinese heroes and those of other nations. Sometimes the story of Lincoln is told, and of Washington, to show that America fought for eight years to gain independence.

Five million "farmer soldiers"—men who left their farms to fight for the Motherland—were killed during the last seven years. In the front line there are still from five to seven millions on a front two thousand five hundred miles long. China is eighty-five percent agricultural and, naturally, with all these men at the front the farms were left with no workers, so the Girl Scouts helped to take care of the farms. That is the reason why there is less delinquency in China, as the boys and girls are too busy helping.

The Girl Scouts really act as sisters to children in rural centers. They teach them to read and write; tell them Scouting stories and stories of history. They lead children in Scouting games; and if Mother or Grandfather works on the farm, they help the family to look after the baby—and sometimes during the harvesttime (late autumn, September and October) they help in the fields. When five million soldiers were killed and widows were left with children, these Girl Scouts did a good job of comforting them, telling them encouraging news from different front lines, even of victories in all countries—North Africa, the Pacific. This was done to keep their spirits up. There are constant new recruits of wives, sisters, and brothers from different villages as a result of their work. People were made to feel it was worth-while to sacrifice their sons, or other dear ones.

Girl Scouts are also helping in wartime to make things in industry. Their industry is much lighter than America's. They help make clothes and make heavy shoes out of cloth. They work in leather factories, and make blankets. Last year the Girl Scouts made one million blankets for the Army. They also make gas masks for family use, and mend old clothing for the soldiers.

Raising funds is another of their functions. For instance, in 1939, 1940, and 1941, they raised \$425,692 (in Chinese currency) for the purpose of helping the soldiers at the front line to have winter clothing. They had another project in 1941, 1942, and 1943, which is still under way, selling War Bonds to help the nation collect \$5,000,000 (Chinese dollars).

Girl Scouts help the post offices, in (Continued on page 26)

MANIA-HEAD-in-the-CLOUDS



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" THE SERGEANT BELLOWED

A story about Poland as it is today, and the bravery of Polish boys and girls under relentless Nazi rule—written by a Polish novelist, poet, and playwright

By ANTONI GRONOWICZ

of wrath. "They've come here and stolen our crops and our cattle. Are those cows ours any longer, I ask you? No, it is the Nazis who say when they shall be milked and what they shall be fed. *Bah!*"

"Hush!" Zosia clutched her friend's arm. "They may have a spy over there in those bushes. Don't say anything more, Franek. Not one word."

Every morning the three young people, Zosia, Franek, and Mania, drove the cows from Lipniki to the village pastureland. Now the hay had been cut in the meadow and they had been bringing the cows to the stubbled field to eat the wisps that had missed the harvesters' forks. Some of the hay had been drawn away to barns when it was dry, and the rest had been built up into several huge stacks. The three friends had burrowed holes of refuge from the storm in the sides of one of these stacks. And now Mania had disappeared!

"I'm going home," Zosia announced. "I'm tired of hunting for Mania-head-in-the-clouds. Do you think she'd search for us if we were missing? Not on your life! She'd forget all about us, and start drawing a picture of a church tower, or a castle wall. I know her. She doesn't care a snap of her fingers for anything but her old drawing."

"Mania is very clever about making models," Franek protested. "She cares about that, too. And don't forget we promised her grandfather to keep her with us. We'll have to wait a little longer."

Zosia flung herself down on the damp stubble, leaning up against the haystack for support. Franek followed her example.

"Look!" he whispered suddenly. "Do you see what I see?"

"What is it—the spirit of Bronka walking in the fields?" Zosia asked. Bronka was a Polish girl who had fooled the Nazi Gestapo, and by so doing had helped three partisans to escape to the Polish army beyond the border. She and two of her companions had been caught and shot, and the legend that Bronka's spirit walked in the meadowland of her native village had been told in Lipniki ever since. There were those who swore they had seen her.

"No, not Bronka's spirit," Franek murmured, "but look over there! Do you see dark things wriggling on the ground?"

A rifleshoot ripped through the quiet countryside. The boy and girl crawled swiftly into the shelter of the haystack. A deathlike silence followed and at last Franek had courage enough to peer out.

"They are coming this way," he whispered. "They are close now. I can see blood smeared on their faces."

"Who? Who?" Zosia cried. "Not the Gestapo men?" She began to whimper.

"Hush!" Franek ordered. "The Gestapo men are still in the woods. They have not noticed us. Look, you may see for yourself—three partisans are crawling this way."

"Oh, I am afraid," Zosia sobbed. "I want to go home. Come on, please come home."

"No," Franek answered with great firmness. "I am ashamed

AS SOON as the rain stopped, Zosia and Franek slipped out from under the haystack and stood up to look around. Yes, the storm was over. Already the sun was shining, a rainbow had flung its delicate pathway across the sky. The Polish countryside looked fresh and clean and, gradually, the buzz and hum of life revived. The cows that had stood in a frightened cluster under a spreading birch tree, terrified by the thunder, left their shelter, toads chortled, and heavy-throated frogs croaked their satisfaction with the moisture that had fallen. The blue-eyed children of the village of Lipniki came out of their homes to resume their games.

"Where can she be?" Zosia asked, frowning.

"Her grandfather will be worried if she is not with us when we go home," Franek said.

"I know, but what can we do?" Zosia asked, making no effort to hide her irritation. "She was lying right beside me—and now she is gone, and I didn't even see her go. Isn't it just like her—that head-in-the-clouds?"

"Mania! Mania!" Franek called. His shout went to the hill beyond the village and drifted back lightly. It sounded tantalizing, even mischievous.

"That stupid echo!" Zosia exclaimed. "For a moment I thought it was Mania herself, making fun of us."

"Or some Gestapo fellow," Franek added, scorn in his rough, boyish voice. "What do you bet, Zosia, that by tomorrow the New Order will issue a command that we must not shout in our meadow?"

Zosia did not laugh. Her round face became serious. "My father has warned me," she whispered, "not to shout too much, or too often, and to try to keep the rest of you from making too much racket. The Nazis are suspicious of everything. They are afraid of us peasants, Franek."

"Let them be—and why shouldn't they be?" Franek was full



"IF THE THREE PARTISANS ARE NOT CAUGHT BY DAWN, THREE AMONG YOU WILL PAY WITH THEIR LIVES," SAID THE NAZI OFFICER

of you. Those partisans are bleeding. We must help them."

The wriggling, earth-colored creatures crept closer. If their faces had not been stained with dirt and blood, it would have been possible to distinguish their features.

From the thicket which bordered the northern end of the meadow came loud shouting, wild, insane shouting that had no other purpose than to frighten the villagers of Lipniki. More bullets spattered through the air and into one haystack and another. Some flew into distant treetops and some whizzed close to the ground.

Once more the breathless stillness. Franek pulled himself to a sitting position and dared to look in the direction where the wriggling bodies had been—and they were still there. They were moving forward, slowly and soundlessly. Forward, forward. He clutched Zosia's shoulder.

"Look! Look!" he whispered. "One of them is Mania."

Zosia peered out toward the wood and what she saw made her tremble. What she saw was not Mania, but two Gestapo men, tiny figures in the distance, leaping like huntsmen from the trees to the north.

Franek was saying calmly, "I am going to crawl out there and help those partisans. We can hide them in the haystack here. Understand?"

"No! No!" Zosia cried. "You can't, Franek! The Gestapo men are right over there. They'll see you, for sure."

But Franek had no time for argument. He crept out of the hole in the stack and, flat to the ground, inched forward. In a few minutes he was back, dragging one of the exhausted men into the shelter. Mania came next, and together she and Franek pulled the other man from the stubble. Zosia crept out and helped her friends build up the haystack so that it looked like a shelter for nothing but field mice and crickets.

"The Gestapo men have turned and are coming toward us now," she murmured.

Immediately the three began to prepare themselves for the inevitable questioning. Franek assumed an air of nonchalance that would have delighted an actor, but Zosia only succeeded in looking startled. Mania's lip was cut and bleeding, her dress was torn, burs were entangled in her hair. How would she explain her dishevelled appearance?

"I have it!" Franek exclaimed. "We are cowherds—which is perfectly true—and you, Mania, went into the woods to hunt a cow that had plunged into the swamp and underbrush when the storm began."

"But—but—but," Zosia stammered, "we can't really hide the men. The Nazi's will stick forks into the hay. Maybe they'll even set fire to it. The partisans will surely be found—and then what will the Gestapo do to us?"

Mania grinned. "Don't be afraid," she soothed. "The men are safe." Some sort of secret sparkled in her dark eyes. "I'll tell the Gestapo your story about the cow, Franek," she added. "It's better than the one I planned."

"Are you crazy?" Zosia asked under her breath. "You can't hide these men safely in a haystack!"

"You must believe me when I tell you they are safe," Mania said firmly. "And we'll attract suspicion if we hang around here. We ought to be rounding up the cows."

"Hey, you over there!" one of the Gestapo men shouted. "Where are those men who were crawling across this meadow a few moments ago?"

Mania looked up with an expression of surprise. "Why—why—" she began, "we did not see anybody." She looked from one companion to the other for corroboration.

"Nonsense!" the second Gestapo man said. "You are not blind. We saw them—three partisans. See!" He held up his binoculars.

Franek shook his head and Zosia shook hers. Mania looked squarely at the questioner. "We heard your shots, but we never



Illustrated by FRANK DOBIAS

thought of partisans. We thought our 'superior brothers' were out hunting, that was all."

The Gestapo men laughed. They liked that term, "superior brothers." Coming from the tall, pretty girl, it did not sound scornful. Perhaps these villagers were beginning to have respect for their Nazi overlords at last. Better be sure, though.

"What are you doing here?" the Nazi with the stripes on his arm asked, and as he did so he aimed his rifle at the younger girl's head.

Zosia trembled. The color left her cheeks. It seemed, for a moment, that she was going to fall in a crumpled heap at the feet of the German sergeant.

"We are cowherds," Mania spoke for her. "You must know us well for we look after your cattle every day."

"What do you mean—our cattle?" the sergeant asked. "You are stalling, girl. Speak up, now, and tell us—where did those partisans go? To the village?"

Franek interrupted. "My friend spoke the truth. The cows we guard are your cows. Does not everything in Poland belong to the New Order? And who but the Nazis own the New Order?"

"You are right," the sergeant agreed. "It appears as if some understanding has come to Lipniki at last. The cows do belong to us. Look at them, Fritz!" He turned to the private. "They are fine, pure bred animals, just like us Germans. Superior. Strong. The masters of the New Order. Tell you, boy, you are honored to be the guardians of these cattle."

The two slapped their legs and laughed jovially. Even Zosia was beginning to draw a sigh of relief and thanksgiving, when the sergeant suddenly stepped closer to Mania and stared at her narrowly. His eyes glared into hers as if he were trying to bore through the girl's eyes and penetrate to her very thoughts. Then the eyes of the Nazi went speculatively to her pale and mud-stained face, down past her torn skirt, and her cut and bruised

hands. His glance continued down her scratched legs to her bare feet.

"It seems to me I've seen you before," he said at last. "If you're a cowherd, how did you tear your face and hands and clothing?"

"That's simple enough," Mania answered. "I went into the underbrush to rescue a cow that was frightened by the lightning and ran away. If you don't believe it," she continued bravely, "you can go over there now and find her. She's caught in the mire, and I was running back to my friends for help when your bullets began whizzing past me."

"It sounds like the truth," the private murmured.

The fat sergeant was thrusting a fork into the haystack. In, in, in, it went—and came out again easily. "Nothing there," he muttered.

"Let us burn it," the private suggested, but the sergeant scowled and shook his head. "There's no need," he growled. "We can use this hay."

"See that you get the cow," the sergeant ordered. "We must not lose one of our fine herd." His laughter was hard and noisy.

Silently, the girls and Franek watched the two go on their way to the other stacks and pull them apart ruthlessly. They knew that the Nazis were looking not only for the partisans but for hidden arms, as well. They were almost out of sight before the three dared to move.

"Hush!" Franek ordered. "The men are not safe yet."

After a worried pause, he spoke again. This time his voice was stern, as if he were a commander in charge of men. "What Mania chooses to do, Zosia," he said, "is no concern of ours. We must never talk about it."

"I'll go back now and see what I can do with that cow," Mania said, and winked as if they shared her secret. She stole quickly away. Zosia and Franek walked across the meadow, turning aside many times to bring a recalcitrant cow back into the herd.

As they drove the cows before them to the village, they talked about Mania; or rather, Zosia made remarks and asked questions, and Franek, who was quite grown up for his fifteen years, tried to avoid giving the answers. The truth of the matter was that Zosia was a trifle jealous; she thought Franek and Mania had a secret between them and she wanted them to share it with her.

"Mania is really not a friendly person," she said, as the last cow was driven into the stable. "She doesn't care for anybody. She wants to spend her time building models and drawing pictures—her head is always in the clouds. Remember, at school, Franek, she never paid any attention to arithmetic?"

"Well, maybe not," Franek answered soberly, "but she was good at history. I think Mania understands more about this war than we do. Did you ever hear her talk about Polish freedom?"

Zosia shook her head. Polish freedom—well, she knew what that was. It was the most precious thing in the world. Poland would have freedom and guard it forever, when the Nazis were driven out of the land. It would mean going to school and owning your own cow and your house and farm. It would mean no more bullets whizzing through the air, and perhaps lodging in your eye, or ear, or foot. It would mean laughing again and singing and going to church and playing games in the schoolyard. It would mean—oh, everything that was beautiful and comfortable and safe, with Mother making cookies and tarts for feast days, and Father at home again and talking to her, Zosia, as if she were a grown woman and full of knowledge of the world.

Now she said passionately, "Every Pole alive today understands the meaning of this war, Franek. Not just you, and not just Mania. All of us. We understand that Poland must be free from the Nazis, and so must everybody be free."

The sun was going down, and the mothers of Lipniki had already put their babies into their cribs, (Continued on page 33)



Paul Parker photograph

"I THOUGHT IT WAS ABOUT TIME TO HAVE MY HAIR PULLED AGAIN—MY EARS WERE FULL OF BURS"



Paul Parker photo

"I'M FULL OF OATS THIS MORNING—AND SO IS THIS GIRL SCOUT. FEELS AS THOUGH WE COULD RACE AGAINST ANYTHING ON FOUR FEET!"



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GIRL C

~~~~~ A Girl Scout isien



Photograph by Frank Geb

"NO RUDENESS INTENDED—BUT I'VE BEEN WELL FED AND IT'S HIGH TIME A POSSUM HAD HIS NAP"



Photograph by courtesy of the Cambridge, Massachusetts Girl

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? WE WERE BORN TWINS—AND NOW HERE ARE TWIN GIRL SCOUTS WHO ARE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF US"



"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN THREE DAYS I'VE HAD MY WHISKERS IN WARM MILK—I HOPE THIS GIRL SCOUT TAKES ME IN"



"THIS IS ALL RIGHT WITH ME—WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A SHORTAGE OF TRANSPORTATION?"

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THE DAYS OF

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"A WOODCHUCK LIKES TO BE PETTED, BUT HE LIKES HIS LIBERTY MORE. THESE GIRL SCOUTS WILL SOON SET ME FREE, I KNOW"



"LOOKS AS IF I'D BEEN ADOPTED. VERY NICE—SO LONG AS I CAN STILL HAVE A MORNING SWIM"

Photographs on this page by Paul Parker



# GIRL SCOUTS AND GUIDES



**D**ID you know that your Girl Scout pin is a symbol of international friendliness and understanding? In every continent of this wide world, you will find Girl Scouts and Girl Guides wearing the trefoil pin—that may be a bit different in shape, but stands everywhere for the same three-fold Promise. These girls are busy in their troops

with all kinds of activities, just as you are, and would gladly welcome you as a friend and fellow worker. Even now, some of your brothers and friends may be seeing or benefiting by what the Girl Guides in Australia, Africa, China, and Great Britain are doing.

Why not choose some continent for a mental visit, learn what you can about that section of the world? The best way to be friends with people, or nations, is to understand something about their lives, what they like to do, what they think about, and how they feel. Here are news notes about your fellow Girl Scouts so you can imagine yourself with them:

## CHINA

An American Marine stationed in China wrote this letter to a Girl Scout leader: "Last week the Japs bombed Chungking, China, and as we are stationed here we had a ring-side seat for the whole show. I was in the city, right in the midst of all the turmoil. And the very first sight I saw was a group of Chinese Boy Scouts and Chinese Girl Guides, carrying stretchers with the wounded; moving on farther, I spied the Scouts and Guides directing the traffic away from the burning buildings, while others helped move the belongings of those people who had been able to save something out of their wrecked, burning houses. Now it takes quite a little while to clear up the dead and wounded. In fact, they were still carrying the dead out of the wrecks two days later, when another Jap raid came and bombed another part of the city. By this time I would have given up, but not those Scouts and Guides! They dug right in and began all over again, here and there and wherever they could. Right today, about a week since the last raid, you can look through the long glass here from the ship and see the Scouts and Guides all over the city, helping in any way they can.

"I am not much of a writer, as you can see, but those little, brave Chinese boys and girls, who are doing such wonderful work up here

thousands of miles from nowhere, impressed me so that I couldn't help writing this letter.

"I thought that if you could get the Girl Scouts—and maybe the Boy Scouts—back there to write an encouraging letter to those Chinese Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, and let them know that their good work is known of back there, I believe it would help out an awful lot in many ways."

If you would like to learn more about these brave boys and girls, read Dr. Chiang's article on page 17.

## INDIA

The Indian Girl Guides study first aid and collect scrap just as we do. In Bombay Province, they saved enough money in three months to buy two ambulances for India troops overseas, many of which are in the famous Eighth Army. If you know about the caste system and the four major religions in India, you might think it difficult to have a Scouts Own to which everyone could come. But recently they had one at which the Promise and Laws were interpreted by advisers for the faithful Hindu, Moslem, Parsi, and Christian.

## HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

We have no recent information about the islands in the Pacific under enemy control, though we think often about the Philippines where a brand new Girl Scout organization was getting well started a few years ago. But perhaps an account of what is going on in the Hawaiian Islands, whose native peoples and culture are Polynesian, might give us some clue.

On Maui, the Girl Scouts asked to take care of the Christmas food and gifts for the service men in thirty of the loneliest outposts. "A Senior troop worked as assistants to the hospital nurses, knitted for the Red Cross, and were assigned regular duty at the first aid stations as soon as their certificates were completed. Since the first of the year, almost every troop has assisted in the distribution of baby gas masks throughout the camp, and in registration of all women over sixteen, because of labor shortage. The high school students go to school four days a week and work in the fields two days."

From Oahu, "About fifty Girl Scouts have organized a chorus so that they may sing Christmas carols to the boys in the hospitals."

From Molokai, "Every troop has been making patchwork quilts for the use of first aid stations. The girls have also collected a lot of bottles, both for medicine and for blood plasma at the blood bank. The drug store

had got to the place where it could only sell medicine if the patient brought a bottle."

## AUSTRALIA

Australian Girl Guides are especially fond of camping and outdoor life. Like our Senior Girl Scout Farm Aides, they enjoy combining valuable war service with camping. Last January, which is summer in Australia, a group of twenty girls from different troops had the following experience:

"We had volunteered our services for picking apricots . . . We allowed ourselves two days in which to settle in . . . tents to erect, gadgets to make . . . everything had to be complete in that time, for we had much work to do in the next few weeks. We felt we were real pioneer campers, too, for we looked for and chopped our own wood, did our own digging, managed with a minimum of equipment, and made ourselves very comfortable. We were divided into two groups, each group working half a day, and spent the rest of the



time in camp attending to the chores and the cooking . . . At one stage the fruit ripened so quickly that it was a case of all hands on deck with no respite. Everybody was very cheerful, and the orchard rang with Guide songs and old-time favorites, and with great hilarity as everybody scrambled on to the lorry at the end of the day for the exceedingly eventful and bumpy ride back to the packing sheds. We were in a world of our own, and a very lovely world . . . work to be done, a



ARGENTINA



AUSTRALIA



CANADA



CHINA



CUBA



FRENCH AFRICA



# ALL OVER THE WORLD



By EDITH CONANT, Girl Scout National Staff

lovely camp, and at night the joy of a campfire where everybody sang just for the joy of it; and at night watching the stars and the moon through the trees . . . We had tents, but they were mainly used for our luggage, and not to sleep in."

A recent letter from Australia asks for Girl Scouts to correspond with Guides. It says, "Your country appears to be very popular. I expect we seem to be in closer touch now, with all your troops and sailors about. We will be busy in Queensland the next month or two, as we have a challenge to raise £1200 (about \$4800) to buy and equip a canteen for the Fighting Forces. Early in the year we raised £500 (\$2,000) as a memorial for Lord Baden-Powell, and some of it was used to furnish Quiet Rooms in Service Hostels."



BRAZIL

The Bandierantes of Brazil started over twenty years ago, and are active members of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts. In Rio de Janeiro, the Bandierantes enroll volunteer workers in the Brazilian Legion, organized to help with wartime problems. The first recreation center for children established by the Legion was organized by the Bandierantes, who have entire responsibility for part-day care of two hundred children who come to the centre. The Bandierantes of Bahia helped transport the survivors of three torpedoed Brazilian ships to hospitals and homes, collected money and clothing to equip them, and helped care for

the children. They visited those who were hospitalized and helped them to communicate with their families.

## ARGENTINA

The favorite badges of the Girl Scouts in Argentina make an interesting combination of activities. Domestic work, First Aid, and Cycling. They also like cooking, signaling, making baby clothes and toys for children.

## CUBA

Guiding in Cuba is young, but very lively. The Guides are great campers and swimmers. Perhaps this is a lucky combination for them, because on a recent camping trip the torrential rains arrived when not expected and "turned their tents into swimming pools." In Havana, they have a charming Little House of their own. The Guides are much interested in international friendship, and a basic handbook, *Muchachitas*, for Spanish-speaking countries, was written by the Chief Guide of the Guías de Cuba, and is now available to all the Americas.

## HAITI

In Haiti, a young Haitian girl observed that all the nicest boys she knew were Boy Scouts. She wanted the same thing for girls, so she enlisted the help of school and government authorities to sponsor Girl Scouting. The troops there do a lot of their work by patrols, and each patrol is very proud of its insignia, patrol notebooks, and fine service record. Here, as in some other countries, the Promise is considered so seriously that no young Scouts take it until they have practiced the laws for a long time. They feel you should not make a promise that you do not fully understand, or are not prepared to keep.

## REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

Our Girl Scouts in the Canal Zone and the Guides of the Republic of Panama are very friendly. On the fourth of July the Guides demonstrated their friendship by parading in the Canal Zone, and the Girl Scouts returned the compliment by parading with the Guides on November third, Panamanian Independence Day. They also had an exchange day in camp, as the Panamanian girls like expeditions into the country, but as yet are not quite such experienced campers as American Girl Scouts. The Guides lay much emphasis on homemaking, and on how to make the home a cheerful and happy place. Old troops take responsibility for helping new troops get started, and attend their investiture ceremonies.

## MEXICO

The Guides in Mexico are busy with war work and with home-making activities. As an example of what they can do, one Brownie troop raised a thousand dollars by selling articles they had made themselves. They gave the money to the World Bureau to be used for children in war-torn countries. The favorite Mexican badges are Ambulance (first aid), Child Nurse, Sick Nurse, Seamstress, Hiker, Interpreter, Archeology, Cooking, and Domestic Service. Since the Guides are so well prepared for emergency service, they have been asked to train non-Guides.



## CANADA

Canadian Guides have been doing wonderful work in making clothing and collecting supplies for the bombed out children in England—everything from booties to overcoats. Not only British children, but Polish and Norwegian refugees were the recipients.

Canadian girls are fine campers; their love of the out-of-doors and nature is as great as their big country. The older girls have a wartime Emergency Service Test, similar to our Senior Service Scouts. In fact, Canadian Guides do almost exactly the same things as Girl Scouts in the United States. Often troops along the borders have joint meetings, and camperships are exchanged between the two countries.

## GREAT BRITAIN

The British Guides have been busy welcoming and helping refugee Guides from other lands, in addition to regular war service to their own country. They even managed to have an International Camp in the north of England, attended by Guides from Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Norway, Poland, and Great Britain. Princess Elizabeth visited them, as she is a Sea Ranger (Mariner). The English Guides do a lot of troop camping. Like ourselves, they love adventurous wanderings; and transportation being difficult, they now go on trek cart trips. This is a kind of walking tour with a hand-pulled cart loaded with necessary supplies. You can never keep a good hiker at home. (Continued on page 26)



GREAT BRITAIN



HAWAII



INDIA



MEXICO



SWEDEN



SWITZERLAND



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Older Guides and Guiders are interested in preparing for "Guide International Service," a plan whereby especially trained groups of Guiders will be ready to serve instantly, in many different countries, after peace is declared.

### SWEDEN

One of the most famous Girl Scout leaders in Sweden said that there were three main national characteristics that made Swedish girls turn to Girl Scouting. They love nature and the out-of-doors, an important part of our program the world over; they are apt to be solitary, so need especially the friendliness and fun we have in our troops; they are dreamers, and Girl Scouting helps them turn dreams into action.

Since war was declared in Europe the Sveriges Flickors Scoutförbund have registered for Red Cross, for air-raid protection, for help to the evacuated, as blood-givers and nurses. They collect berries and herbs and other material helpful for national house-holding. At their summer camps, because so many men are in military service they help in the farmhouses, or they work in the fields.

### SWITZERLAND

Switzerland is the home of Our Chalet, the international camp belonging to all Girl Scouts and Girl Guides. Here is where so many Juliette Low encampments have been held. Since the war, in true Girl Scout fashion, the chalet has been used at various times for refugees, the sick and the needy. During last winter's holiday season, it was open again to Swiss Guides for a four week period. The Guides spend a great deal of time in earning money to help their less fortunate sisters.

### IN AFRICA

The Federation de Scoutisme Français is carrying on the works and ideals of the French Guides and Scouts, in Africa and throughout the world where the Free French and friends of France are to be found. There are troops composed of French refugees in Morocco, Algiers, French West Africa, the Levant, Cairo, and Madagascar; and also in England, Canada, and the United States.

A former Juliette Low scholarship girl, with the Red Cross at Casablanca, talked to a French Guide who was leading a group of Cub Scouts as her war service. Her own troop was getting ready to go camping in the mountains. She said that troops of Boy and Girl Scouts were in charge of a fête held in the Huguenot church gardens.

In Uganda, East Africa, the Guides demonstrated their international friendship by visiting and helping the Polish Guides who were taking refuge there. A visitor to the Polish troop says, "Some wore uniforms they had brought from Poland, even though they had lost everything else."

Here is an account of a joint meeting of Rangers, Guides, and Brownies in Toro, when the Chief World Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, came to visit. "After the formal inspection in horseshoe formation, they played team games, including a very special invention of their own. Matoke peeling, relay races, and dispatch running followed; then tea around the camp fire, and songs and yarns. We did not want to stop at all, but we had a lovely ending with lowering the Colors and Taps, a simple Guide ceremonial that surmounts all language barriers.

"The progress of Wayfarer-Guides has been outstanding in recent years, both in numbers and enthusiasm. The singing of the Wayfarers (Guides) and Sunbeams (Brownies) has to be heard to be believed, it is so lovely, so richly melodious, as, totally untrained, each takes up the harmony, singing in parts and descants, the whole making a tone-poem of haunting charm.

"Never shall I forget those Rallies—on cold station platforms . . . for it was South Africa's winter time; at windswept 'locations'; and in Basutoland where, at the leper settlement, the Wayfarer-Guides danced 'Black Nag' for my benefit, their crippled feet swathed in bandages, their bodies and limbs distorted, but their hearts beating with a new-found pride, because thus could they do and thus could they be the 'same as others.'"

### THE JULIETTE LOW WORLD FRIENDSHIP FUND

Girl Scouts in the United States give their pennies each year to the cause of international friendship. Every girl who contributes to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund knows her money is being used for the benefit of other young people. International month is a fine time to collect as much as each person and each troop feel they can afford. Give your contribution to your Juliette Low member, and she will send it to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund, Girl Scouts, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Your money may be helping the children suffering from the war in Asia, Africa, or Europe. Or possibly it is being used in the Western Hemisphere for Girl Scout scholarships and camps for our friends in Central and South America.

# CHINESE GIRL SCOUTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

order to release young men to join the Army. They do the regular work of selling stamps and sending letters, but have, as well, special jobs such as military censorship. Their education makes this possible.

They do First Aid work. They act as War nurses, going to the front lines to help the guerrillas and look after wounded soldiers. They dress wounds and help the wounded to get to hospitals. On their winter and summer vacations and week ends, they help in hospitals. During air raids (especially in the first four and a half years of the War) they helped women and children right after the air

raid was over, going to different centers to aid those in trouble. In the last seven years there have been many epidemics such as cholera, diphtheria, and dysentery. These girls are not regular nurses, but learn from doctors and trained nurses in the hospitals how to give injections. Many, after a very short training course, can give these injections and do so in rural centers and front lines, and have saved millions of lives as a result.

(Continued on page 30)



## EVE CURIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

woman to insist on this, but Eve couldn't help feeling that her mother wanted it very much. She thought about the matter a good deal, but she didn't allow it to make her either rebellious or passive. She just kept on growing and developing in her own special way, which was completely different from that of her father, her mother, or her sister. She played her piano and practiced at every opportunity. She watched and studied the few people permitted to enter the quiet household of her mother, and finally she became sufficiently interested to learn the languages of these visitors—Polish, English, Spanish, German. They were her text book languages, too, and she became fluent in all four tongues.

Still the winters in Paris often dragged for her, and then, through sheer loneliness, she would gaze from her windows out on the Seine River, and in imagination turn the tugboats there into the gay playmates of her summer vacations. Or else she would rechristen the dingy vessels with glamorous names which suggested the lace and poignards of the heroes of Alexandre Dumas.

The time was rapidly approaching, however, when she was no longer to depend upon summer vacations for companionship. Madame Curie and her daughters were invited to visit the United States and to receive from the hand of President Harding a precious gift—a grain of radium, which had been paid for, through popular subscription, by the women of America. For although Madame Curie had discovered its existence, there was only one gram of radium in all France, and that was the property of the laboratory where its discoverer worked. Such a state of affairs was incredible to the people of America, for at the time, scattered throughout the forty-eight States, were about fifty grams. An American editor, Mrs. William Brown Meloney—whose deep admiration had brought her all the way from her desk in the offices of *The New York Herald Tribune* to Madame Curie's laboratory expressly to call on the frail and timid genius—was the moving spirit in the undertaking. She had urged Madame Curie to visit America and accept the gift. And so, when Eve was sixteen, Irene twenty-three, and their mother fifty-four, the invitation was accepted, and the three were whisked from their starkly serene existence to an Arabian Nights visit of excitement and gaiety.

Irene and Eve had always adored their mother and had known, with the rest of France, the greatness of her contribution to science. But so modest and so self-effacing was she, so steadily had she refused any place in the limelight, that she had actually succeeded in making everyone around her share her own firm conviction that she herself was not important. It was her work which was important, she had always told them. America decided differently. It roared its welcome to her all the way from the Statue of Liberty to the Grand Canyon; and, as Eve naively remarks in her book, the girls discovered "all at once" what this amazing mother of theirs really meant to the world.

At the same time, Eve discovered what the world could mean to herself. From then on, she was fully awake to the extreme simplicity of the existence her parents had decreed. She could not help seeing how bare it was, not

## Are You in the Know?



## Are these Lindy Hoppers doing—

- ☐ A Boogie
- ☐ A Shorty George
- ☐ A Tip

"Know how" is what makes the difference between a smooth rug-cutter and a dud! So lady, be hep to this "shine" step. It's a *Tip*—and here's another: Know how to *stay in the fun* regardless of what time of the month it is! It's simple, for Kotex sanitary napkins are more *comfortable*—and that special safety center keeps you protected—poise-perfect. So save your "jitters" for a jive session.

## This Hair-do's for you—if

- ☐ Your face is long
- ☐ Heart-shaped
- ☐ Round

Down with pompadours—up with sweeping manes! Newest locks have a flat-topped look. They're shorter, sleek, often center-parted. Vary this hair style to suit your face-type, but if your face is long, take the short hair-do shown here—flat crowned, and fluffed a bit at the sides. The "flat" look is a grooming commandment when "certain" outlines threaten a sleek costume. That's when you thank Kotex for those flat pressed ends. Because they're not stubby, no one will guess your secret.



## How would you introduce them?

- ☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
- ☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
- ☐ "Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with higher rank *first*—even if the other is a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the Wac as "Miss"! ). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security." Just depend on the comfort Kotex gives, for Kotex stays soft while wearing. You'll learn—comfort, confidence and Kotex go together!



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## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### THE STORY OF A MAGIC TREE

"Worse than the Japs!" That's what military men have been saying about malaria, the disease which has sapped the strength of so many of our fighters. When, for instance, the survivors on Bataan finally surrendered, eighty-five per cent of them were suffering from malaria. Of every three hospital cases flown out of the South Pacific theater of war, two have been malaria cases.

In fact, we're told that, of all diseases—with the exception of the common cold—malaria is the most widespread. Each year, about eight hundred millions—two-fifths of



all the people in the world—come down with malaria. In India alone, a hundred million men, women, and children suffer from it annually.

The disease was a mystery until comparatively recent times. It took its name from two Italian words, *mala aria*—bad air. But bad parasites and bad insects, rather than bad air, proved to be the villains of the malaria tragedy. A Frenchman, Charles Laveran, and an Englishman, Sir Ronald Ross, showed as much. They demonstrated that the malady was caused by tiny parasites in the blood, put there by the anopheles mosquito.

The parasites, so it turned out, were sucked into the female anopheles each time she bit an infected person, animal, or bird. They made themselves at home in her stomach and mouth and were injected into any victim she next took a fancy to.

Long before people discovered the real cause of malaria, though, they learned how to deal with it—learned about quinine.

That takes us back to a certain lady, wife of Count Fernandez de Chinchon, Spanish viceroy of Peru from 1629 to 1639. Suffering from the fevers and chills of malaria, she was given a cupful of wine every day. It was a special sort of wine prepared by Peruvian Indians and long known to their tribe. Into it, ground to a powder, had gone the bark of a small evergreen tree which grew on some of the slopes of the Andes.

The Countess de Chinchon recovered from her fever in an almost miraculous way. It was she who introduced the strange, curative

bark into Spain. Jesuit priests carried it all over Europe. Later, the tree which yielded the drug was named for the Countess; it was called the cinchona (pronounced sin-ko-na). In its magical bark was a bitter substance. This, when it was isolated at last, in 1820, was called quinine (from a Peruvian Indian word, *quinquina*, a variant of cinchona.)

The drug was still rare and high-priced, but a chain of events was forming which would bring it into commercial production. In 1854 an English plant expert, Charles Ledger, took a large number of cinchona seeds to London. From there they were sent to India, where farsseeing Dutch planters bought some and carried them to Java. These planters developed a tree, *Cinchona Ledgeriana*, with a much higher quinine content than the wild trees of the Andean slopes. (The sketch shows its leaves and blossoms.) After a while, Java was producing ninety-five per cent of the world's yield.

An American, Colonel Arthur F. Fischer, made a secret purchase of *Ledgeriana* seed from a bankrupt Dutch planter. That was in 1922. For many years, Fischer grew the high-yield trees on Philippine plantations. Just before the Japs seized the Philippines, Fischer packed two million seeds into two cans. He rushed aboard a Flying Fortress. This gave attacking Zeros the slip and streaked its way to Australia with one of its four motors dead. Fischer took his precious seeds to Washington. Eventually they were growing into seedlings at the Department of Agriculture station at Glenn Dale, Maryland.

All that was just Act One. Now the second act has opened with most of the Western Hemisphere as its stage. Nineteen of the twenty-one Pan American republics—including the United States—have swung into a great health drive to protect the workers who are producing strategic materials and building the last links in the Inter-American Highway. Far up on the program is quinine production. Result: hundreds of thousands of the high-yield seedlings grown at Glenn Dale are now flourishing on plantations in Peru, Ecuador, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica.

So quinine has come home, better than ever. But years must pass before it can be "harvested." Experts remind us that malaria is a peacetime problem, too. Even after we've licked the Nazis and the Japs, the disease that's been their ally will be unbeaten. Quinine has never been cheap enough for poverty-stricken millions to afford. If its price can be brought down, there'll be a great, post-war market—a market so huge it can absorb all the quinine the Americas can produce.

### TRAINED TO BE A TRAINER

General Mark Wayne Clark was destined at birth, it would seem, to defend his country. He was born at Madison Barracks. His father, Colonel C. C. Clark, was a West Pointer for whom soldiering had always been a chosen career. West Point was in Mark's blood, and West Point was where he went.

He was still there when, in 1917, America entered World War I. But not for long. Exactly two weeks later—on April 20—he was graduated and became a man dedicated to battle. A year later he was on his way to France, having already won the rank of captain. On Flag Day, 1918, a bit of German shrapnel caught him, but luck was with him—and with us. He soon recovered. Afterward, the greatest war then known to history gave him training for a still greater war. He was on the General Staff of the First Army at St. Mihiel and at Meuse-Argonne.

The years of peace were, for Mark Clark, a period of preparation. He learned to fly his own plane, and it was no mere sport. When war was again upon us, he piled up a total of sixty thousand miles in one year as his own pilot. This was when he was a lieutenant colonel and Chief of Staff to Lieutenant General McNair, and his work was helping to make an army out of men trained only for peace. He did a great job, and smoothed the path of many a bewildered selectee.

This work was a natural step toward undertaking the organization of our ground forces in Europe. In May, 1942, he flew to England with the rank of major general, and labored hand in glove with General Eisenhower.

But greater work lay ahead. He ran risks as a sort of secret agent opening the way for our



North African invasion, and was given jurisdiction in North Africa after our successful landings. There he established a system of schools for combat, where make-believe shocks and strains were hard to tell from the shocks of real battle.

Logical, then, that he should lead the Fifth Army along the road to Rome—that road of mud, of fatigue, of fury, of ordeals that test a doughboy's endurance and a commander's generalship.

only of material luxuries but even of comforts, in clothes, food, amusements. She never forgot the exciting days and nights of that first visit—the dinners for hundreds of people, the battalions of Girl Scouts and college students in the different towns, and, most amusing of all, the times when she and her sister had to "double" for their mother. When festivities became too much for Madame Curie, Eve demurely replied to the long-winded orators when they spoke of her mother's "magnificent work," or "long life of toil."

At other times, Eve gave herself over fully to the gay excitement of America. As one of the reporters wrote about her at that time, "As for little Eve, all her radium is in her eyes." Her vivacity and command of English endeared her to everyone. She and Irene met some of the young people of America as well as the speechmakers and the hostesses—played tennis with them, went to the theater, had an evening at Coney Island which they knew nobody in Paris would believe when they told about it, and, best of all, had a marvelous trip to the Grand Canyon. Indian ponies took them along the winding turns of the chasm, right down to the Colorado River at the bottom of the canyon. Could these be the same girls who had walked sedately in the state procession when, on President Harding's arm, Madame Curie had received the precious gram of radium?

When they returned to Paris, they found it difficult to believe that they were indeed these same girls—at least Eve did, although Irene settled back easily into her program of work as her mother's assistant, and married shortly afterward. But as time went on and Eve passed her seventeenth birthday, she found it more and more difficult to accept the calm routine of a student's life. She did good work, but she couldn't seem to find any relationship between classroom work and what Eve Curie was meant to do in the world.

Practicing piano diligently, feeling to the tips of her sensitive fingers the glorious outlet afforded by music, she decided after a time to give a concert. Perhaps as a professional musician she could quiet her restlessness. The house on the Ile Saint-Louis resounded early and late with the music of Liszt, Moussorgsky, Beethoven, Chopin—especially Chopin. Perhaps because her mother's influence was so strong that her Polish background extended even to the music Eve selected, she played the great Polish composer's études and nocturnes, familiar to all of us, with especial love. In 1925 she gave her first concert; it went very well, and Eve made a charming picture on the stage.

Despite her success, however, she was not satisfied that piano playing was her true profession. She turned from it to musical criticism, taking an assumed name because she could not lose the uneasy sense that, whatever success she might achieve, she owed not to her own ability but to her mother's fame. It was many years before she was to shake herself free from this obsession. Strange that this much admired brunette girl, slender and vibrant, talented in many directions, above all devoted to her mother and the best of friends with her, was yet convinced that it was always Madame Curie the world wanted, not herself.

The world tried to set her right by seeking her out eagerly. Paris is the city of all others in which to be young, beautiful, and charming—and Eve Curie was all three. She threw herself into its gaieties and into every phase of its artistic life—drama, music, litera-

(Continued on page 31)

"THEY'RE SOFTENED UP..."

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# CHINESE GIRL SCOUTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

First of all I should like to express, on behalf  
of the Chinese Girl Scouts, our gratitude and  
thanks to every one of the American Girl  
Scouts who contributed pennies.

THE Chinese Scouts National Association  
got many dollars in Chinese currency for the  
American dollars when exchanged at the bank.  
These American dollars first went to distribute  
rice to the people around Chungking. Two  
thousand girls were prepared for several  
months to make an investigation to find out  
poor families in that large area in West  
China, especially those families who had sent  
husbands and fathers to the front lines. As a  
result of this investigation, it was found that  
about six thousand families were very poor,  
lacking nutrition. Some families were eating  
only one meal a day, others two meals a day;  
they had meat once a month, or every two  
weeks, and lacked rice. On March 12, 1941  
(National Father's Day) two thousand girls  
distributed rice to these needy families.

When a mother received the rice, she asked,  
"Where does it come from?"

She was answered, "It is from American  
Girl Scouts, from their pennies."

"Why do Americans give rice?"

"It is because of our Scout training. It is a  
sisterhood of all nations. Remember that your  
boy in the front line fights for the same prin-  
ciples, for world peace. So American Girl  
Scouts collect funds for poor families of  
soldiers."

It was most inspiring, and the people were  
very grateful to the American Girl Scouts.  
(Not all the money was used for this; part of  
it was used for training leaders of the Girl  
Scouts, and the third part was used to help  
orphans.)

The Chinese Scouts have decided to have  
their third Jamboree right after the War, in  
the capital, Nanking. We had the first in  
1928, and the second in 1936; and on behalf  
of the Chinese Girl Scouts, we should like to  
extend an invitation to all American Girl  
Scouts to come over to visit us in China and  
attend our third National Jamboree.

## INDIAN MOUND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Pamela was divided between pride at be-  
ing allowed to drive Chief alone in a new  
countryside and uneasiness at having to stop  
at the tollhouse. But she was accustomed to  
do what she was told without argument.  
Probably Mrs. Wilson would come out and  
give her another piece of gingerbread.

"Yes, Uncle," she said, and Uncle gave her  
three pennies which she tied in a corner of  
her handkerchief, and drove off, sitting up as  
straight as a prairie dog at the entrance to its  
burrow.

Driving was fun. She could go at her own  
speed. Once she drew up to listen to a bird  
singing on a fence, and another time to let a  
toad hop across the way. When she passed  
anyone, she bowed politely.

Only when she came in sight of the toll-  
house by the edge of the road did she become  
uneasy.

"I do hope it's Mrs. Wilson," she thought.

There were no other passersby when she

drew up at the open gate. With its side  
fences leading down to the field fences, it  
looked like a trap ready to be sprung. Beyond,  
she could see Indian Mound Farm plainly  
and even the clothes hanging on the line dry-  
ing in the warm sunlight, and a little figure in  
a pink dress which she was sure was Aunt,  
moving back toward the kitchen door.

"Won't she be surprised to see me driving  
Chief all alone?" she thought, but then her  
heart began to beat violently for it was Mr.  
Wilson who was coming out of the door  
toward her. She felt in her lap for her hand-  
kerchief. It was there, but somehow the knot  
in the corner had become untied and the pen-  
nies were loose against the gingham of her  
dress.

One penny, two pennies. She found them  
with hands suddenly gone sticky with nerv-  
ousness, but the third penny she could not  
find.

(Continued on page 37)

## EVE CURIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

ture. Many evenings Madame Curie, like a swan who has somehow hatched a bird-of-paradise, watched the girl dressing to go to some brilliant party. This gifted and unpredictable daughter of hers—what would she turn out to be? Sometimes the mother rather ruefully thought of her as veering and tacking about like Sorcerer Seignobos's sailboat on the blue waters of the Bay of Launay.

With the death of Madame Curie, in 1934, that veering and tacking stopped. Eve had nursed her mother devotedly, and after her death she worked for two years on the biography which is one of the finest tributes ever paid by a daughter to her mother. Also, its fascinating account of every aspect of Mme. Curie's scientific work showed her own fine mind. Strangely enough, in writing of science she followed her mother's creed of interest in things, not persons, and wrote with authority even though she herself was not a scientist. The "person" she portrays in that book is one no other writer could possibly have given to the world, and the book itself is a work of art.

True to her heritage, in her own way Eve Curie was becoming more and more interested in things than in people. For a few years after the publication of the book, she gave herself up to the life of the successful author. Her lectures, especially in America which she visited several times, were crowded, and the American people took her to their hearts just as they had when, as a vivacious girl of sixteen, she had "doubled" for her mother. She was fêted and sought everywhere, her gowns copied, her exquisite taste noted and commented upon. But as the menace of Hitler crept closer and closer to her beloved France, she felt the pull of patriotism. As the danger grew increasingly evident and France seethed with apprehension, she associated herself with its Office of War Information, where she worked at her desk ten hours a day.

Then, almost before she realized what had happened, she found herself, in 1941, a refugee bound for London. She sailed on a small ship, which in ordinary times carried only one hundred and eighteen passengers but was now crowded with thirteen hundred refugees. She slept three nights in a deck chair, and narrowly missed death when German planes tried to bomb the ship. As soon as she arrived in London (June, 1940), she started a series of broadcasts to the French people, cheering them in her own heartening way, assuring them that she herself, as a "belligerent Frenchwoman," would never acknowledge the supremacy of the puppet government of Vichy.

Not only did Mme. Curie help to cheer the French people, but she continued to express, both through the radio and her lectures, as well as her writings, her scorn and distrust of the Germans, and her steadfast belief in the return of the true French Government. Vichy France tried to punish her by "depriving" her of her French citizenship, and this was indeed a severe blow for so typical a Frenchwoman. When she first received the news, she wept bitterly, but primarily because it was, as she said, the French people themselves who were hurting her so deeply. It didn't take her long to realize, however, that Vichy France was not really France—in fact, that was what she her-



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1200—A jumper is a sound investment in fashion value—it's smart and versatile. Vary blouse for many effects. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. In 14 (32): jumper,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yds. 54"; blouse,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 39". 15 cents.

1059—Long or short dress for parties and dances. 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 14 (32): short view,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 39"; long view,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 39", and ribbon bows. 15 cents.

1210—Coverall-apron cut on pinafore lines keeps you pretty and fresh while helping Mother with household tasks. Bretelles of self fabric. 12 to 20; 30 to 44. Size 14 (32):  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yds. of 35". 15 cents.

1199—Skirt with built-up waistline, smart waistcoat, and long-sleeved blouse. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Size 14 (32): skirt and waistcoat,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yds. 35" (with nap); blouse, 2 yds. 39" material. 15 cents.

*These Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, may be purchased through AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to state size when ordering.*



## EVE CURIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

self had been emphasizing—and that when the true government of France returned, her citizenship would be restored.

Losing her citizenship really helped Mlle. Curie to take the second step which proved her growing interest in things rather than people. Patriotism had been the first one, world citizenship was the second. She had endured, with the English, the hardships of blitzing and bombing; she had lived in America as a distinguished writer and lecturer, and as a beloved friend. Now she was to cement important bonds with the whole Allied front.

This came about in the following way: *Doubleday, Doran and The New York Herald Tribune* sent Mlle. Curie to make a reporting trip to the battle-fronts of Africa, Russia, and China. Her dispatches, printed in *The Herald Tribune*, were of extraordinary interest, and were later elaborated by her and made into a book, *Journey Among Warriors*, which immediately stepped into the best-seller class. Always Mlle. Curie traveled, on this epic journey, under the most exacting conditions. Despite her radiant health, it was difficult to believe that this glamorous woman could bear such hardships. But she proved

triumphantly that she could endure heat, cold, hunger, and illness—and keep on writing while she was enduring them. *Journey Among Warriors* is undeniable evidence of that.

Eve Curie has come a long way since the days when, as a wistful little girl, somehow unsure because she couldn't take an interest in science, she stood with her nose against the windowpane, watching the tugboats on the Seine; she's a very different person from the young concert pianist, from the brilliant Parisian society girl whose lipstick made her famous mother just a trifle uneasy. Now, with the aid of many languages beside her own, with understanding of people of many nationalities, with knowledge of wide recognition for her own individual talents, and with a heritage which no longer burdens her with its greatness, she has won the right to bear that proud title, Citizen of the World.

*Editor's Note: Since this article was written, Mlle. Curie—now Lieutenant Curie—has led all other applicants in the examinations, held in London, for an officer's commission in the Corps des Volontaires Françaises in which she enlisted last summer.*

## MANIA — HEAD - in - the - CLOUDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

when shrill sirens burst the evening quiet. The children who had been playing hopscotch and jacks in front of their homes ran inside. The old grandfathers, who had been sitting in their chairs dreaming of the days when their pipes were full of tobacco and their tables well supplied with potatoes and milk and vegetables, followed the children into the houses. Not that their dwellings offered them any protection, but there had been a time when a house had been a safe retreat.

The sirens roared out again. Everyone in Lipniki knew what they meant—every villager must go to the yard in front of the school where the Nazi police would surround them with a cordon of rope. Some might be questioned, and perhaps lashed. Oh, yes, indeed! Herr Hitler's guardians of the New Order had shown a great esteem for the power of the whip. Not that it had brought them much reward so far in Lipniki, but they had caught the dauntless Bronka and her loyal companions.

Now the people went forth from their homes slowly, but there was no craven fear in them as they went. True, there were no stalwart fathers or big brothers to walk in the crowd, for they, alas, were working in concentration gangs far away. But even so, as the wise old schoolmaster had said, there was no need for the villagers to answer the command of their Nazi overlords as if they felt humble before them. "Because we do not," the white-haired man had said proudly. "In our hearts we scorn them, and a day is coming when we'll breathe out our defiance in their faces."

Franek and Zosia were near the school door. Mania's grandfather ventured to sit down on the steps; he puffed like a village storekeeper on his smoldering pipe. Certainly he had no tobacco, but for his part, he liked the substitute of straw that the Nazis doled out—at least, he told them so. Old Kazimierz, who was the church's beadle,

walked about among the people as if he were welcoming them to a service. He looked dignified and self-possessed, and appeared to be entirely unaware of anything unusual in the gathering.

At that moment Mania slipped unobtrusively under the rope and stole to her grandfather's side. The old man took her hand in his, but gave her no greeting. In the same instant, a Nazi officer lumbered out of the schoolroom. The last rays of the setting sun shone on his medals. He raised his big arm in a Nazi salute and his plump face turned red with anger when he saw that not one person followed his example.

"The country around Lipniki is infested with partisans," he thundered, "and we know that you are carrying food to them in the night."

"No! No!" the schoolmaster shouted.

"A few stragglers have escaped over the borders," the officer said, ignoring the schoolmaster's interruption, "but no more will do so."

The pause was one of complete silence.

"I am not going to bother questioning each person, for you Poles all lie. There is no truth to be got out of you," he roared. "But listen well to what I am about to say! Three partisans were seen crawling across the north meadow today. If they are not caught by dawn of the day after tomorrow, three among you will pay with their lives."

The gasp that rose from the crowd was hardly audible.

"I tell you their names—Franek, Zosia, and Mania." The pompous officer stalked into the schoolroom. The door closed.

"Zosia!" a woman's voice sobbed.

"Franek!" The sob was deep as if a woman's heart were being torn from her body.

Mania and her grandfather did not look at each other. Their gaze was toward the far

(Continued on page 35)



Mother does house-work



Daughter does home-work

The new SATIN-FINISH Tangee Natural Lipstick brings each the color she wants...as well as long lasting smoothness!

by Constance Left Huhn  
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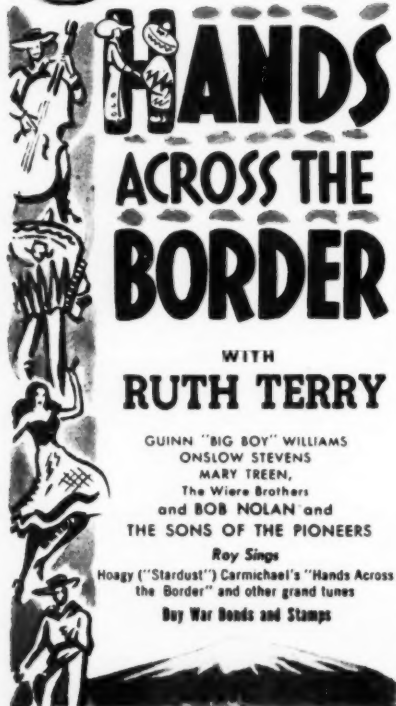


## ROY ROGERS

King of the Cowboys

## TRIGGER

Smartest Horse in the Movies



## WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

### Excellent

**DESTINATION TOKYO.** The close bond, almost of brotherhood, which unites the members of a submarine crew is what stays most in the memory after seeing this film of heroic underseas action. Perhaps that is why, although the picture shows as many encounters with the enemy as other service films, it is the fine acting, rather than the action, which is outstanding. Cary Grant does the best work of his career as the commander of a sub sent to the shores of Japan to secure data necessary for Doolittle's Tokyo raiders. Each member of the crew is a rounded human being, not a stock character. Their quirks of personality provide substance for highly amusing scenes as well as suspenseful and dramatic ones. If anything, the film tries to carry too much characterization and drama and is overlong. Even so, it is a fine saga of our intrepid submarine fighters. In addition to Grant, John Garfield and Alan Hale do memorable acting. (Warners)

**GUNG HO.** Too much praise cannot be given those films which re-create particularly gallant action in the war, sticking to the facts, yet because they are acted out, not shot on the scene, have breathless continuity and personal drama. This makes it possible for the home front to get some idea of the incredible skill and courage required of special combat divisions whose deeds are celebrated in these films. *Gung Ho*, the battle cry (from the Chinese, meaning "forward together") of this Marine Raider Battalion symbolizes the dedicated team-work these picked groups depend on for their success. The objective of this particular volunteer command was Makin Island, where the Japs had supplies and installations which enabled them to menace our route to Australia. That a little over two hundred Marines raided the island, destroying everything of value to the enemy, is history. The film shows us how it was done, from the first day of volunteering through the grueling training, the long submarine voyage which was the one part of the engagement that couldn't be rehearsed, and the actual fighting. Splendidly directed, the film deserves to rank with *Wake Island* and *Air Force*. The cast is uniformly good, with Randolph Scott playing the Colonel in command. (Univ.)

### Good

**HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER.** If you want double your money's worth, by all means see Roy Rogers's latest super-special. You get not only Roy and Trigger doing all their rodeo tricks, Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers, a few outrageously funny puns, some magnificent riding against matchless scenery, but also a bang-up musical finale with a Good Neighbor flavor! As a carefree cowboy, who proves that raising horses for the Army can be as exciting as a Broadway career, Roy helps Ruth Terry retain the friendship of Mexican ranchers, who would have been heartbroken to know that their new employer did not share their loyalty to the ranch. (Rep.)

**HIGHER AND HIGHER.** Frank Sinatra's first feature film is a joyous, light-hearted fairy tale about a scullery maid (Michele Morgan), who tries to marry a millionaire to save her employer (Leon Errol) from bankruptcy. Michele poses as a debutante—where her lack of social grace disturbs everyone but Michele, since she is secretly in love with Jack Haley, Errol's valet, and doesn't care to capture a nobleman (Victor Borge), or a noble singer (Frank Sinatra)! In addition to the very good music, there is pleasant comedy by Marcy McGuire and the Hartmans. (RKO)

**AROUND THE WORLD.** Film audiences are treated to the sort of show our soldiers overseas enjoy in this Kay Kyser musical which mixes broad comedy and swing in generous portions. Marcy McGuire, Joan Davis, and Mischa Auer are on hand to entertain, too. (RKO)

**MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT.** New screen discovery, Ray Malone, scores a direct hit opposite Gloria Jean in a pleasant musical about stage-struck youngsters, who harvest a victory crop when a farm-help shortage threatens to postpone Gloria's schooling. Enjoyable musical comedy. (Univ.)



MARGARET O'BRIEN, SIX-YEAR-OLD STAR, IS THE 1943 WINNER OF THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE ANNUAL AWARD TO THE MOST TALENTED JUVENILE PLAYER OF THE FILMS

**SING A JINGLE.** A top-ranking radio favorite (Allan Jones), turned down by the Army, goes to work in a war factory and wins the boss's daughter (June Vincent). There is much good humor and music, and Mr. Jones is given many opportunities to sing, all of which make up for the routine story. Good musical. (Univ.)

**THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER.** Despite the fact that the story about the smart-alecky soldier who sacrifices his life after he has accepted the tradition of the service has been told before, this is a most interesting film. The training given men at an anti-aircraft Officers' Candidate School is shown in detail, and the demonstration of the 40 and 90 mm. ack-ack guns is but one of the thrilling episodes. Tom Neal, Evelyn Keyes, and Bruce Bennett are the likable leads. (Col.)

**THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS.** Based on the Russian film, *The Girl From Leningrad*, (though a complete make-over, with new cast, etc.) this is a simple, appealing story of Red Cross nurses at the front. Surprisingly, the film is neither so uncompromising, nor so realistic as recent films about our own nurses on Bataan. But the love story of the Russian nurse (Anna Sten) and the American aviation engineer (Kent Smith), in the days just before America's entrance into the war, has charm and poignancy; and battle scenes on snow-covered terrain never lose their gripping interest. All the roles, even to the smallest, are well played. (United Artists)

**WHAT A WOMAN.** Rosalind Russell again demonstrates, with her special brand of slick comedy, that being a fashion plate doesn't rule out brains in a woman. Brian Aherne, as a writer of thumbnail biographies of the glitteringly successful, further proves to her that having brains doesn't rule out love. It's trite and frothy, but the actors involved are so good at this kind of thing that you are likely to be highly diverted. (Col.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

### Good

**HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER**

**HIGHER AND HIGHER**

**AROUND THE WORLD**

**SING A JINGLE**

**THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER**

**MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT**

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

distance where the *Maly Las* (the little forest) looked dark and protective. Then they turned and walked toward the schoolyard gate, as only valiant warriors going to battle can walk. They were not trembling, their faces were not ghastly with fear—but a slender trickle of blood ran from the grandfather's lip. He had bitten it to keep back the sound of the heavy groan that was in his heart. Mania's head was high, and so were the heads of Zosia and Franek as they joined her. They knew what to expect; once they arrived at the gate of the schoolyard, the Nazi guard would take them and lock them in the schoolroom.

NIGHT drew its somber curtain over Lipniki, but it brought the villagers no respite from misery. Candles burned and sputtered in kitchens long after the Nazi curfew had sounded, and the prowling police had to order many people to their beds.

The Nazi guards in the schoolroom slept and snored fitfully. There were two of them and they were supposed to take turns in watching the three prisoners.

"We should have burned every haystack in the meadow," the one called Fritz growled.

"Nothing of the kind," Hans contradicted. "We need that hay at headquarters. We'll find the creatures, never fear."

If those guards had not had their ears stuffed with sleep, they would surely have heard sounds from the coatroom where Franek and Mania were whispering, with no waste of words. A sob, coming from Zosia, brought a warning from Franek, but not in a whisper. He put his hand over her mouth.

"They are going to kill us," Zosia moaned. "I can't stand it. All night long locked up in this room." She beat upon the wall, crying wildly. "Let me out of here!"

Franek shook her. "Stop it! Do you want to bring the guards in here? We can't get out—there are no windows and the floor is new and strong—but we can at least act like Poles and show those Nazi beasts that we are not afraid to die."

Mania's hand found and gripped Zosia's. "The floor is not so new that it hasn't a hole in it," she breathed.

"But it couldn't have," Franek answered. "Remember, we helped lay it ourselves. Strong oak boards."

"I made a trap door—just for fun," Mania said. "I saw one in the castle on the hill one day when I went there with Grandfather before the Nazis came, and I drew it in my book. Then when the floor was being laid, I cut the boards."

It was Franek who had to be restrained this time. If Mania had not clutched his arm, he would have whistled his delight. "Where is it?" he whispered. "Can we get to it, or is it outside under their feet?"

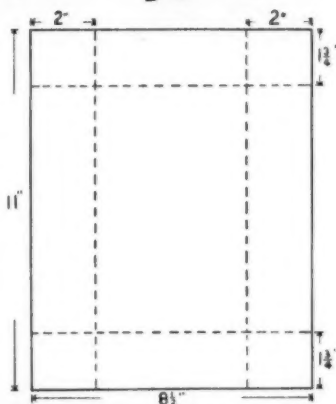
"It is somewhere in this room," Mania answered. She dropped to her knees to run her hands over the boards.

The minutes slipped away, and still the cut in the floor could not be found. Zosia began to sob that Mania was a genuine head-in-the-clouds, and that she only imagined she had made the door. Even Franek's confidence was ebbing. But Mania knew the door was there and at last her eager fingers found the cut in the floor-boards.

The Gestapo men slept on. Their breath rippled like the lapping of water on the shore.

A loud creak from the trap door! To the  
(Continued on page 40)

## Let's make A TELEPHONE PAD



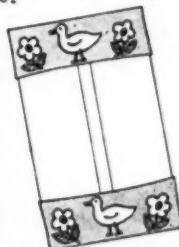
Here's a little message pad you can easily make as a gift for Mother, Dad or for friends. First cut an 8½ x 11 piece of stiff white paper, fold edges toward the center, then fold ends down as shown by dotted lines. Cut 4 x 7 slips of writing paper and insert in the folded ends.

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#### HOSPITAL AIDES

WABASH, INDIANA: I am fourteen and in the Senior Service Scouts. I have been reading our magazine for several years and really enjoy it.

I thought other girls might be interested in our project. We are Hospital Aides and have green-and-white uniforms. We carry trays, give evening care, and baths. We assist the nurses in many other duties. We all love our work and have received many compliments on it.

Mary Clupper

#### CHILD CARE

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I've been getting THE AMERICAN GIRL for a long time and I love the stories, especially *Meet the Malones* and *Your Move, Patsy*.

I am a freshman at the Dalton Schools, Inc. In our freshman year, each girl gets two weeks in the nursery—that is, we take care of a baby under sixteen months of age for a week at a time. There are four babies in school this year, so four girls go in at the same time. We make up the baby's formulas, bathe the baby, etc. It is wonderful fun! The nurse who supervises us told us that Dalton is the only school in the U.S.A. that offers that course to high-school students!

I am very much interested in the letters sent to this department. I'd like to help the girl named Marilyn, who said she didn't know how to talk to boys. She should realize that boys often don't know what to say, either. The best thing to do, before you go on a date, is to think of things you'd like to know about the boy. It's always good to ask questions. You learn a lot that way!

Ellen Spiegel

#### FROM AN ENGLISH GUIDE IN EGYPT

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT: I've been enjoying THE AMERICAN GIRL for about three years, but have always been too shy, or have had too much to do, or something like that, to write to you.

Now, I'm having three months summer holidays. That must seem quite a long time to you, but, you see, it's too hot here to work in these three months, and to make up for it we get very short Christmas and New Year holidays. I go swimming a lot and read, and play the most wild games with my neighbor, up trees in our garden. We have a fairly big garden, and some jolly nice trees to climb in it. Some people call me a bit boyish—but I'm not really, as I love smart clothes and that kind of thing. I'm also fond of painting and

# A penny for your thoughts



drawing, but the thing is, I always think too much of my own pictures. (Anyhow, I suppose it's something to be keen.)

I go to an English school for girls in Alexandria. It's a lovely place with very big grounds and a swimming pool. We are nearly all day-girls, except for about ten boarders among two hundred and fifty of us.

I'm a Girl Guide and have my Second Class and three badges, and am in the Twelfth Alexandria Company. I love reading about Girl Scouts, even though you seem rather different from us. We just have to read about going camping! You see, in wartime the Guides in Alexandria are not allowed to go camping. The desert used to be the place, but now it's the Eighth Army camping ground. After the war, I hope to be an English Guide; now, we are international Guides, but, even so, many of us are English, in the company. By the way, I'm English and I am fourteen years old.

Kathleen Robey

#### THE W.A.S.P.

OSAGE, IOWA: Having taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years, I think it's time I write and express my appreciation for a swell magazine. All the characters are my favorites, but I always enjoy reading about new ones. I have just finished reading *How the Women Air Force Service Pilots Keep 'Em Flying* by Betty Peckham and I think it's great.

There is no Girl Scout troop in this vicinity, but if there were, you can be sure I would be the first to join. I am the secretary and treasurer of our 4-H group although I'm not a farmer.

I am thirteen and the chairman of our eighth grade class at Saint Mary's School.

Joan Helfter

#### CAMPING IN SCOTLAND

MORAYSHIRE, SCOTLAND: I thought I would write and let you know how much I have enjoyed reading THE AMERICAN GIRL. I never knew such an interesting magazine was published until yesterday, when I received seven copies from my friend who is a Girl Scout.

She told me so much about the organization that I only wish I could be a Girl Scout, too.

I am a member of the Y.W.C.A. in Elgin, and we also have a camp in the hills about six miles from Elgin. It is really a farm which we received from a kindly farmer as a gift. There is no livestock on the farm, only sheep which graze on the hills around the camp.

My two great ambitions are—first to be a

nurse, but as I am only thirteen it will be a few years before my ambition can be realized; second, I want to be a Girl Scout, but I am afraid there isn't much hope.

Jean Bain

#### A GROUP OF GIRLS OF ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, DISCUSS THE DECEMBER, 1943 ISSUE

"The Christmas number of THE AMERICAN GIRL is most interesting—and the jolly Santa Claus cover is enough to put any reader in gay spirits."—Mary Bauman. "I just saw the December issue of our magazine. The parts I enjoyed most were the cover and the story about Bobo. I liked the cover because it showed the true Christmas spirit, with Santa Claus whom I still enjoy."—Joan Brennan. "The poem *Courage* by Jessie Brown was the best poem I've read in a long time. In the first stanza I thought of the pains the soldiers in the armed services endure when their spirit is 'stronger than the dust.' The line I liked best was, 'Surely the inner quivering makes a brave deed more bravely bright.' It shows that even when you are trembling—and still have courage—it makes the deed braver."—Clara Cocilora. "I like all the articles in our magazine, but in the December issue there was one in particular that I enjoyed very much. The name is *Bobo and the Christmas Spirit*, by Edith Price. It is a very heart-warming story."—Mary Jane Brown. "The story which stands out in my mind is *Bobo and the Christmas Spirit*. Bobo certainly spread the Christmas spirit to her friends and also to me. When I finished reading that, I found myself singing *Jingle Bells*!"—Frances Lamono. "There is one article in the December issue that I specially enjoyed. The name of it is *Via Feathered Messenger*. It is a good idea to tell how animals help in time of war. I'm all for more of these stories."—Janet Carducci. "This year I hadn't felt much in the Christmas spirit—that is, until I read a story called *Bobo and the Christmas Spirit* in the December issue. Bobo is one of those people who can make you feel gay even if you don't want to."—Betty Farley. "I like our continued stories. *Meet the Malones* is tops. Then, of course, I can't leave out sweet Bobo Wither-spoon and her humorous escapades. Our articles on famous people are surprisingly exciting and help to familiarize me with foreign lands and customs. Another of my favorites is the *American Painters Series*, for I like to draw. If you continue to turn out issues like the past ones, the magazine will remain on the top of every girl's list."—Helen Collins.

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

## INDIAN MOUND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"Well, hurry up, I can't stand here all day," Mr. Wilson said, from where he stood by the wheel.

Where had the penny gone? She fastened the reins about the whip and searched the floor. No penny, no penny anywhere. It must have slipped down a crack.

"Uncle will pay when he comes by, this afternoon. I'm so sorry, Mr. Wilson, I can't find the third penny anywhere."

The man hesitated. For a moment he almost let her go by. But there was a mean streak in him, and he had grudges instead of friends. His newest grudge was against the people at Indian Mound Farm, and here was an opportunity to annoy and trouble them all. He could not lose it.

"I'm sorry," he said, rather more gently than Pamela had ever heard him speak. "Rules are rules and I'd be fired if I didn't keep them. Pull up to the side of the road there. When your Uncle comes, you can go through."

"That won't be for hours!" wailed Pamela. "Aunt will be so worried! Oh, please, please, Mr. Wilson, let me go. I can get the penny from Aunt and bring it back."

But now Mr. Wilson had made up his mind.

"I'm sorry," he repeated, "but the rules are that no vehicle may pass without paying the toll."

"Then can't I go on foot and leave Chief here?" she begged. "I'll come back right away."

"I won't be responsible for the horse," Mr. Wilson declared. "If it runs away and breaks up the buggy, it won't be my fault!"

Pamela saw from the sudden gleam in his eye that anything might happen if she left Chief alone with Mr. Wilson. Oh, oh, it was like a horrible nightmare! Why didn't Mrs. Wilson come? She might not even be home. And anyway the law was the law.

"Oh, please, Mr. Wilson," she begged.

"Draw up to the side of the road," he ordered and was turning on his heel, when he stopped, facing a third person. Neither he nor Pamela had noticed that while they talked a man had walked out of the shadow of the tollhouse and was listening to them.

"Take penny," the man said briefly, stretching out a dark hand.

It was Pawnee Sam in his old clothes and battered hat, a bowl covered with a napkin in his left hand. Luckily for Pamela, Aunt had run out of starch that morning and had sent Sam down to Mrs. Wilson to borrow what she needed. Now, he stood like some rain-faded

scarecrow, offering the penny which would save her.

"Oh, Sam!" she exclaimed.

But the tollkeeper was furious. He had worked himself up to take out his spite on a girl, and now he was in danger of its coming to nothing.

"You ain't authorized, Injun," he blustered. "I don't take toll except from authorized parties. Get along and mind your own business."

A curious change came over Pawnee Sam. He grew smaller, if anything, as though he had shrunk in upon himself, and his eyes lost all expression. His voice was flat.

"Take penny," he repeated. And then after a pause he added, "Quick."

He was just a little old man in clothes too big for him, come on an errand, but suddenly he was more than that. Pamela caught her breath. The tollkeeper paused. He dared not go by.

"Get out of my way, curse you!" he shouted, but Pawnee Sam neither answered nor moved. He waited. But he would not wait long. Mr. Wilson and Pamela both knew that, but neither knew what exactly the Indian would do when he stopped waiting.

Nor did the tollkeeper dare to find out.

"All right, all right," he muttered. "Hand it over here and be quick about it. And you, young lady, count your change next time."

Sam waited until Mr. Wilson had gone into the house and closed the door.

"Him got bad heart," he remarked to Pamela conversationally as he climbed up beside her in the buggy. There was a twinkle far off at the back of his old black eyes. "Him make plenty howl like big wolf, but—poof!—him run away like little coyote."

Sam could dismiss Mr. Wilson like that, easily, from his mind, but it wasn't so easy for Pamela. She remembered the look, scared but revengeful, on the tollkeeper's face as he turned away.

"He'll try to get even with you, Sam," she said earnestly as Chief started up, feeling her lift the reins. "He'll hate you now."

The old Indian smiled. He didn't care whether coyotes loved or hated him. Carefully he set the bowl of starch on his knee. But Pamela, in spite of the cheerful thud of Chief's hoofs on the road and the spinning wheels and the little dance of dust underfoot, was anxious. She felt that they had not seen the last of Mr. Wilson.

Nor had they, though it was several weeks before the chance came for the tollkeeper to take his revenge.

## MARTINIQUE

Negro. Some people have called Martinique the "black island," but it didn't impress me as "black" at all, for the greater number of the Negroes have skins of varying shades of brown—warm tones that rightly belong to the tropics. More than that, the people love brightly colored clothes, and the island itself is ever blossoming into unmatched color and radiance. In fact, it seemed to me that the dark-skinned natives were the only ones who harmonized with the natural beauty of the scene. I was told that there were at least forty thousand of them in Fort-de-France and its outlying districts.



**CHAPPED LIPS** . . . dry, cracked, perhaps even bleeding—cry out for medicated help!

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**MENTHOLATUM**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

The little shops beckoned to the tourist. In them, one could buy French embroideries, candies, dolls and other playthings, jewelry, and perfumes. Then there were wonderful pastry shops, irresistible in their profusion of delicacies. Specialty shops of all kinds edged close to the sidewalks, their wares constantly replenished by the cargoes from the French boats.

On boat days the streets and sidewalks were crowded, I discovered, with more white people—mostly tourists—than at any other time. More than ninety percent of the inhabitants of the islands are Negro, or part-

The Cathedral called the islanders to prayer many times a day with the tolling of bells. Constantly, it seemed to me, worshippers were walking in and out of the wide open doors. A woman carrier could be seen sometimes kneeling on the pavement, her large basket of fruit beside her; another moment and, with the help of a passer-by, the great basket was on her head again. School children might be seen marching into the church, prayer books in their hands; the Catholic Church takes care of their school education as well as of their religious training. One day I visited a class of small children, and they welcomed me in French and sang some of the French songs that American children have learned in school—"Frère Jacques" and "Sur le pont d'Avignon."

"Watch out for the gutter!" a small Negro child warned me as I started to cross the street on my way to the Square. I needed the warning and was grateful for it—and said as much with a few *centimes*, which at once went to the ice cream vendor in exchange for a ball of chipped ice, drenched with orange-colored syrup. Somehow or other that little fellow was always appearing, to shout laughingly at me in words that meant, "Madame, the gutter!" Always he stretched out his open hand as if to say, "A pastry, please, or a ball of orange ice."

Well, the Martinique gutters were things to look out for, because they were running brooks. Odd-looking articles splashed their way to the sea via the gutter route, and, as I stood one day watching a dead fish float along, I found myself curious as to what might come next. I waited. A coconut bounced merrily down the stream, followed by a dilapidated shoe; then came a broken doll, riding comfortably on her back; the skeleton ribs of an umbrella; and plenty of unpleasant rubbish. The natives certainly couldn't get along without their gutters. Where else would trash and sidewalk sweepings go?

Many of the islanders found the gutters convenient for cooling their tired and dusty feet. Some may have walked miles in the hot sun with the heavy baskets of produce on their heads for the market at Fort-de-France. At various times I have seen them balance their head loads with incredible skill while, at the same time, they dipped one foot, and then the other, into the running water. It may be, as someone said, that these women felt more comfortable with heavy loads on their heads than without them, for, since childhood, they had been trained to carry things that way. Probably so, for the trick of washing one's foot with a fifty pound load on one's head must surely have been the culmination of training in the art of balance.

Everybody used to visit the Square, or La Savane, as the townspeople called the fine, grassy park in the center of Fort-de-France. Here was the bandstand, that gave evidence of gay evenings; here, also, was the playground where the schoolboys held their sports competitions. Benches under shade trees extended an invitation to rest awhile and watch the world of Martinique pass by along the diagonal paths. It was easy enough to change benches according to one's mood—whether it was a sea, or a town mood. Sometimes, the scene was that of a bustling seaport with all the noise and activity that accompany the loading and unloading of cargo. At other times, the scene was that of a sleepy, lazy village, taking life as easy as possible be-

neath the motionless trees that shaded it from the burning sun. At still other times, the scene was magically beautiful, when the enormous orange ball of the sun drenched the island in sunset colors and then disappeared below the edge of the sea.

Everyone, however, who visited La Savane was sure to gaze thoughtfully at the marble statue of the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. That Josephine was a girl of Martinique, who was born and lived for sixteen years in the quiet village of Trois Islets, seems almost unbelievable when one considers the brilliant Parisian life of the same girl. Yet Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie was the child of simple parents, her father being manager of a sugar plantation. When a hurricane destroyed their house and devastated the plantation, the family itself was forced to live in an old mill. It is true that there are various accounts of Josephine's early life and that of her family, but all accounts agree that this oldest of the three Tascher de la Pagerie daughters was a Creole beauty and charming in manner. Her aunt, anyway, thought she was too beautiful at sixteen to spend her days in Martinique, and, with dreams of wealth and position for her niece, she took the young girl to Paris.

Fame and wealth did come to Josephine, and tragedy, also. During her first year in Paris, she married Vicomte de Beauharnais, and began her gay and brilliant social career. Once, after the birth of her two children, she returned to Martinique to visit her mother—that was the last time she ever saw her island home. But who knows how often in her later years she dreamed of it and, perhaps, longed to escape from the entanglements of her Paris life into its peace and simplicity? Certainly her marriage to Napoleon Bonaparte, although it brought her fame and power, did not bring her a life of happiness.

In portraying this Martinique girl who became the first Empress of France, the sculptor, Vital Debray, sought to perpetuate in her face something that was deeper than fame, or tragedy—the homesick longing for the island of her birth which lay always buried in her heart. The marble figure of the Empress is graceful and beautiful; her head is turned toward her native village, the expression of her face is tender and wistful. Her gown is long, typical of the First Empire, and its mode has been retained by many of the Martinique natives today.

THE war has brought many changes to Martinique. Just what they are and how permanent they will be, few can say, for the only information we ordinary citizens are permitted to have must come from our newspapers. We do know, however, that with the outbreak of the war, unaccustomed sights began to meet the eyes of the native Martiniquans. Instead of the tourists of pre-war days, who came and spent their money in Martinique and then departed, a strange assortment of visitors began to invade the island. These people came from all parts of Europe, some of them expecting to receive money from their friends in the United States, and others eager to exchange their money for American dollars with which to buy a passage to this country.

Martinique became so crowded that it knew itself no longer. Every room in every private house and hotel was occupied, and a refugee camp was established a mile or so outside Fort-de-France. Even this camp was

over-crowded and had not enough beds to go around. All the Europeans who came to Martinique at the outbreak of the war were considered refugees except those from France, and they were welcomed as French citizens.

The refugee camp became, at once, a discordant note in the island life. Germans, Austrians, Spaniards were there together, with such different political beliefs and such varying dispositions that constant quarrels and bitter dissensions made life at the camp anything but peaceful. The Martiniquans prayed for the day when these refugees would depart, wherever might be their destination.

Then came the surrender of France to Germany, and with it more changes in the island. This strategic "hot-spot" so near the Panama Canal became isolated from the world, blockaded as it was by British and American warships. With its economic life cut off, Martinique lost its importations of necessary food, especially flour from the United States; and it also lost the money it earned through its exports, especially rum and fruits. Even so, it is hard to believe that the islanders actually starved, for the sea is always full of fish and nothing can stop the growth of jungle fruits. Certainly, there are always bananas!

Looking out from the shore, the islanders saw their French warships dismantled. There was the aircraft carrier, *Bearn*, stopped on its way to some unknown destination with its cargo of a hundred planes from the United States; now it was stripped of its guns and the planes were transferred to the shore where they lay deteriorating in the sun and salt air. Dismantled, also, were the training cruiser, *Jeanne d'Arc*, and the cruiser *Emile Bertin*, their officers and sailors making themselves at home on the island. The ancient fort with a memorable history, Fort Louis, was converted into barracks for the French sailors—another new sight for the Martiniquans. The islanders were intrigued by the sight of the French sailors, in their round caps with the red pompons, digging and raking in the vegetable patches and planting seeds for a quick harvest.

The strong, powerfully built coaling women felt the change that had come to the island. Formerly one of the most interesting sights was that of these women loading and unloading coal. Martinique used to be an important coaling port where freighters from the United States dumped their cargoes to be picked up by other steamers and freighters for their voyages to far-distant ports. Then would come the coaling women. In single file, they would march in their dingy dresses and bare feet up the gangplank, and then, for a few moments, disappear from sight. Presently one would reappear, a basket of coal on her head, one hand balancing the heavy load. Steadily, she walked down the gangplank, the muscles in her neck showing rigid and firm; another woman followed, and then another, and still another in a routine of rhythmical precision.

With the same precision, the basket of coal would be lifted from the woman's head, and the coal dumped on the wharf. A smoke curtain arose and drifted away; a coin was dropped into the small bag that dangled from the woman's waist, and then—up the other gangplank she strode, swinging her empty basket. Up and down would march the women, each movement timed to a second, while on the wharf the coal pile spread out and grew higher, and the black dust became

(Continued on page 42)





### The Amenities

A farmer sold a pig to a neighbor. A few days later he chanced to pass the neighbor's place and saw a little boy sitting on the edge of the pigpen, watching its new occupant.

"Howdy, Johnny," said he. "How's your pig today?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"—*Sent by BONNIE LA LONDE, Palatine, Illinois.*

### Under Fire

The Army cook had just whipped up orders of scrambled eggs for a mob of hungry soldiers. Wearing by his Herculean efforts, he sat down in a shady spot under a tree, yawning, lighted a black cigar, and wrote a letter to his sweetheart:

"Darling," he began, "for the past three hours shells have been bursting all around me."—*Sent by PEGGY DE MILLE, Milford, New York.*

### Morale

Three Canadians, sleeping in one of Britain's training camps one night last summer, were awakened by a tremendous crash not far away.

"What was that?" asked one. "Bombs, or thunder?"

"Bombs," was the laconic reply.

"Thank goodness," said the third. "I thought we were going to have more rain."—*Sent by ESTHER SMITH, Stewartville, Mo.*



### Well Versed

RAY: They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

MAY: Knows 'em already, I suppose.—*Sent by VIRGINIA CAMPBELL, Rogue River, Oregon.*

### The Prize-Winning Joke Ears That Hear Not



MOTHER: What are you reading?

BETTY: I don't know.

MOTHER: Well, you were reading aloud.

BETTY: Yes, but I wasn't listening.—*Sent by ELOY CUTSFORTH, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Pushing It Too Far

TEACHER: Who was the first man, Peter?

PETER: George Washington.

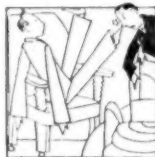
TEACHER: Why, no, Peter. You ought to know better than that. It was Adam.

PETER: Oh, well, I wasn't counting for-cigners.—*Sent by CHARLOTTE E. DAVIS, Erwin, Tennessee.*

### Go Right to It!

Several girls were talking among themselves, and one said angrily, "I'll never speak to that girl again—and I mean to tell her so every time I see her!"—*Sent by*

CAROLINE KARPINSKI, New York, New York.



### Odd Remark

PHIL: Why aren't you singing in the church choir any more?

BILL: I missed one Sunday and someone asked me if they had fixed the organ.—*Sent by MARY ARDEN TUCKER, Warrenton, N. C.*

### Beside The Mark

AGENT (to client engaging talent for her musicale): What about Monsieur d'Opera?

CLIENT: Is he good?

AGENT: Good? Why, he's a great virtuoso.

CLIENT: Never mind his morals. Can he sing?—*Sent by MARGARET JERVIS, Somerville, Massachusetts.*

### Wonderful Feeling

FAY: Did you get any relief when you went to the dentist?

MAY: Yes, the dentist wasn't there.—*Sent by DOTTY ALLEN, Atlanta, Georgia.*



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# MANIA-HEAD-in-the-CLOUDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

ears of the prisoners, it sounded like the crack of a rifle. But at last all three had dropped through it to the earth beneath. It took some wriggling to get out of the cellar, that was no more than a hole, to the garden at the back of the school.

"What shall we do now?" Zosia whimpered. "Where can we go? The Nazis will find us wherever we go."

"We must join the partisans," Mania whispered. "We will be safe at their camp in the woods. I know the way. I've been there many times."

"But where are the partisans? I thought they were gone over the border," protested Zosia.

"I know the answer!" said Franek. "Some of them are the cow that was caught in the mire. A fine reception those Gestapo men would have got if they'd accepted Mania's invitation to investigate the lost cow. Isn't that right, Mania?"

Mania nodded. "And some have been hidden in holes in the ground underneath the haystacks—where we hid those two this afternoon." She added proudly, "I've hidden nineteen men at different times in those holes."

"I suppose you made them, like the trap door, because you were pretending you were digging the foundations for a castle," Franek said with a low laugh.

"Grandfather and I dug them in the night," Mania answered. Then she hushed him with her fingers on his arm. "We are still in great danger," she said softly. "We must be careful crossing the schoolyard. We can be seen in the bright places and there are guards all around. I will go first, and you must do ex-

actly what I do, like a game of *Follow-My-Leader*."

Crawling from tree shadow to tree shadow, they followed Mania across the yard. It seemed to Zosia, in the middle, that she could not force her legs to move across the light spaces. Again and again Mania reached back a strong arm to pull the trembling girl into the sheltering darkness of trees and bushes. It seemed hours before they reached the meadow.

"Courage," Mania whispered. "We have only to cross the field and we'll be safe."

Wriggling along under the hedge, Zosia's dirt-streaked, tear-stained face was almost against Mania's heels, as they inched their way across the great field. Then at last—wonderful, blessed relief!—they came into the obliterating blackness of the wood.

It was cold in the wood, with the sharp coldness of night in late summer. Unfaltering, Mania led the way. The shivering Zosia stumbled in the darkness, and Mania supported her with an arm about her waist. Once Mania permitted them to rest a little on some moss-covered stones. Then on again, Franek and Mania half carrying the younger girl.

Suddenly Mania stopped. From her lips came the call of the cuckoo—once, twice, three times. From somewhere ahead, a cuckoo answered. Then kind, strong arms drew them into the warmth and shelter of a cave, lighted by flickering candles.

Warmed and fed, Zosia lay dreamily on the ground watching the partisans gathered in a group around Mania, who sat beside her. This was a new Mania, a Mania who was not only

brave and daring, but who knew how to do things. Oh, Zosia knew about the drawings and the models, but they had never seemed to be of much practical use. She had had no idea her friend could make real things, like hideaways for Nazi-hounded partisans and trap doors through which prisoners might be led to safety.

This was the first in a chain of well hidden partisan camps, Zosia learned. Mania's courage and cleverness had brought many of her compatriots here in safety; then they were passed along from camp to camp until they had reached Switzerland, or London. Many of them had joined the Polish army. And now Mania had rescued her, Zosia, and Franek from possible death, and had led them safely here. Tomorrow the three of them, with several others and a leader of the underground as guide, would start on their long journey to freedom.

At the thought of leaving her home and country, it seemed to Zosia that her heart almost stopped beating. What would life be like in some strange, far-off place? Perhaps she, too, could work for Poland. She clenched her hands in a great resolve to be brave and make Mania proud of her. For Mania was a patriot, like the dauntless heroes who had fought for Poland's freedom in the past. When the tale of these cruel years of starvation and bloodshed was written, Mania's name would be in the record.

She edged closer to the older girl. "Mania," she whispered, "dear Mania, you are so brave. At school we used to call you 'head-in-the-clouds,' but we were wrong, Mania. You are a great Polish heroine, just like Bronka."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

last night. And they were coming from that part of the river where the trees are very tall, and the biting fly brings the sickness of death."

Hatasu spoke in Hausa, so the canoe man would understand. Angela translated it into English for Curly.

But the man knew no more than Hatasu had told, though Angela plied him with question after question.

"I have done no wrong. How could I know such word was for the White Man's ears? For I am only a fisherman. Moreover the White Man's orders were to seek a farm big enough for a *jirigin sama* to perch. And among the trees there is no farm. Who in his senses would speak of a river as a farm? Moreover, even the White Man knows that the river is there!"

Angela soothed the troubled native. If, she assured him, he had fished in the prohibited area, the news that he brought would cause the wrong to be forgiven. But he must lead them, this White Man—she pointed to Curly—Hatasu, and herself, to the spot where he had heard the sounds.

Curly cut in—it was marvelous he had been silent so long. "See here, this isn't a fishing trip! The plane will be armed, well armed. You girls stay here. I'll go with the man."

But that, Angela pointed out, was impossible. He needed an interpreter, either Hatasu or herself. And he'd have to take both, or neither.

## RIVER of FLAME

Curly wasted no time in further protest. "Can your uncle lend me a sun helmet?" He shoved back his chair impatiently. "And some sort of a gun? We'll go right away."

But Angela had to veto the idea. "Not by daylight unless you want an almost sure case of sleeping sickness. It's a tsetse fly belt, you see—that's why it's forbidden even to the natives. We can go by night, though even that isn't absolutely safe."

That night, after dinner, a procession of two—Angela with the only flash light that still held batteries, Curly with ammunition in his pockets and Uncle Alfred's Lee-Enfield rifle under his arm—took their way down to the river. Two canoes, nose to tail, were alongside the shaky little wooden dock, two little dugouts, a poler in each, and Hatasu was waiting on shore.

Hatasu and Angela stepped into one dugout, Curly into the other. The craft, barely wide enough for his hips and only six inches above water, rocked perilously. Gingerly he settled himself in the bottom. "Sure this thing won't sink? Me for a safe seat in a plane, any day!"

Then the polers thrust off and Curly's attention was taken up with trying to balance the little eggshell. Not that he needed to, as Angela knew; the canoe man would do all that.

Two hours of poling, with a great tropical moon rising to flood the scene with brilliance, the night silent save for the faint sound of crickets on the banks, the croak of

a frog, or the deeper note of a crocodile, and the steady, soft *plash and dip, plash and dip* of the poles. Once Angela heard the lion's hunting roar, but far off and soon absorbed into the night. The canoes were close enough to converse, but Curly was silent. He seemed worried. Or maybe just uncomfortable.

Mosquitoes whined, with occasional stabs of their fiery needles. Were they really mosquitoes, she wondered? Or was the brightness of the moon sufficient to bring out the deadly tsetse fly? The two little boats seemed poised in space, unmoving upon the wide mirror of the river, the banks too indistinct to mark their progress.

She must have stirred uneasily, for the poler said, "But a little distance yet."

Then, at last, when Angela thought she could bear the suspense no longer, the canoes headed across a bend and swung out of the main stream of the Benue into a wide, shallow lagoon.

"From here came the noise," said Angela's canoe man. "A noise as of a *jirigin sama*. But doubtless it was only a boat, for there is naught here but forest and water." Unmindful of danger, he would have poled straight across the gleaming, open expanse.

"For Pete's sake," came Curly's voice in subdued but emphatic tones, "tell those guys to keep close inshore. We don't want to be blasted out of the water by machine guns and perhaps a small cannon."

Angela, passing on the instructions in little above a whisper, added a caution of her own

against talking. Her heartbeats began to thicken. The little expedition swung in towards shore.

She hadn't, until now, taken time to consider possibilities. In fact she had gone to a lot of trouble to prepare Curly for a wasted evening. A strange fisherman's tale of a strange sound might turn out to be only hippos playing in the water and snorting. But Curly talked of machine guns and cannon, as though the danger from tsetse wasn't enough. A glance at the poles was reassuring. Stolidly they stowed their poles, too tall for the overhanging boughs, squatted, and started to paddle.

"I don't know what I'm looking for," came Curly's low tones. "Some kind of a float plane, perhaps. Or a hut with a service crew. Or nothing more, perhaps, than a rope and mooring buoy. We've just got to keep our eyes peeled."

Angela shivered. She hoped, with another shiver, that the whole expedition would turn out a complete flop, and that in a few more minutes the canoes would be heading homeward again. She'd have to try not to seem too cheerful when they did.

It was Curly's canoe man who saw it first—something well out of the water, which Angela, straining her eyes in the deceptive light, took to be the broad, gleaming back of a wet hippopotamus. But the leading canoe man knew better. His paddle ceased. Silently he pointed. Five pairs of eyes concentrated on the object. Like cautious hunters, the canoe men described a safe half-circle.

"I've got it!" Curly, in his excitement, almost spoke aloud. "A gas tank!"

Finger on trigger, he waved the canoe man to edge in. Angela's man followed.

Curly was right, the object was a shining metal tank with some sort of pump on top and a coil of hose. And alongside it, two others. It was a relief to find anything so harmless.

"Here's where Jerry ties up and refuels. As he's not tied up, he must be out on another interception now," said Curly.

Hatasu looked at the rifle, looked at the nearby shoreline. Even Curly could guess her thought. "Hide the boats, eh? Lie up on shore and knock off the guy when he gets out to refuel?" He toyed with the attractive idea. "Trouble is, he's sure to have a co-pilot. Plane might get away."

Angela summoned her courage. After all, this was only a harmless cylinder of iron. She fished out her flash lamp and, climbing cautiously out onto the floating gas tank, tried the hand pump. Gasoline gushed in a sudden stream from the filler hose.

"Couldn't we stall the plane when it comes?" she asked. "And later bring up the native police to capture the men?"

"Stall it by spilling out the gas? It's worth trying," voted Curly.

They took on the job in turns—climbing out onto the tank, pumping desperately until exhausted, clambering back into a canoe to rest and watch and listen. And the tank rose higher and higher, the fumes making breathing difficult, filling the hot damp air almost to suffocation. Angela's spirits rose with the tank.

A dozen times they imagined the far-off note of a plane, a dozen times they prepared to abandon the work, each time to find it a false alarm. They had one tank emptied of the precious fluid, and Curly was trying to screw the pump on the filler cap of the second when the plane really came.

With a splash he dropped the pump. The canoes were off and away the second he scrambled aboard. And none too soon.

The plane roared in, louder, ever louder. Swooped low across the water, perhaps to raise a ripple and make the surface easier to judge. Came back again and surfaced in a splatter of spray-starting waves that rocked the canoes.

Angela held her breath. Engine still idly turning, the plane began to taxi toward the tanks. They hadn't been seen.

The canoe men needed no orders. Now was the time, still keeping in the deep shadow of the overhanging trees, to paddle desperately out to the river and safety. But something

pellor, or to find some chink in its defences.

The shots did neither. They only betrayed, for the second time, the position of the canoes. The plane's engine opened to a shattering roar, to give enough slipstream to work the rudder. A moment, and it would swing, its tail lift, and the guns would bear directly down. That, Angela knew, would be the last of all of them. Dispassionately, she considered it, wondering if she would be frightened when death really came.

But instead a sheet of flame shot suddenly upwards. A blast nearly blew her from the dugout into the water. The very surface of the lagoon seemed to catch fire in one horrible instant.

The engine had stopped—or was its note drowned by the fierce crackle of blazing branches all about them?

"Out! Out!" shouted Curly, pointing to the mouth of the lagoon.

Throwing down their paddles, the canoe men snatched up their long poles. *Thrust and recovered, thrust and recovered.* Flames of the burning gasoline lapped the boats, ran down the poles, dripped from the poles' arms, setting Angela's thin summer frock as smoulder. Desperately they thrust clear of the spreading flame.

As they shot out into the river, Angela shoved her pole overboard and dived after him. She came up, gasping, to see Hatasu's dark head beside her—all the river people swam almost before they could walk. The other canoe was still fleeing, wrapped in flames. Then it vanished. Curly and the other pole must have recovered presence of mind and capsized.

For some minutes they had to tread water as the canoes were righted and bailed. Then, dripping and breathless, they performed the acrobatic feat of getting aboard again. Behind them, reddening the waters, staining the skies brighter than daylight, was such an inferno of fire as Angela could scarcely believe. As she watched, horrified, further explosions echoed across the waters, hurled tree limbs high into the air.

"The gas tank's gone up," said Curly in a tone of awe. "Poor devils! But they're dead now, of course."

The silent, still awe-stricken party paddled downstream. There was nothing they could do, and it might be a day before anyone could enter the lagoon and inspect the wreckage. On the wharfside, a runner awaited them with a telegram.

Curly ripped it open. By the bright African moon he read it. "They're sending a crash squad for me tomorrow!" He glanced at his watch. "No, today."

Angela, with Hatasu's help, inspected the injuries of the canoe men. But their burns were minor only.

"And what matter," as one of them said, "though indeed it is good to be alive when one thought to face death. And when I am old, still shall I have the story to tell—of how I saw, through the White Man's magic, even the water burst into flame like a bowl of overheated ground-nut oil."

The other canoe man wagged a doleful head. "But alas, none will believe!"

TWO nights later Angela, climbing into bed, flicked on her radio. Strains of faint music; then above it, louder, clearer, a familiar voice, "Latitude this, longitude that, course so and so." Then, "Hiya, Angela! Listenin'? Drop me a line some time."

### HELP SAVE SAILORS' LIVES!

A fine opportunity for service is available to Girl Scouts through the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee of America, which prepares medical kits for use on the small boats that hunt for Axis submarines and patrol our coasts.

Several items needed in these kits can be salvaged from the friends and neighbors of Girl Scouts:

Safety pins—all but very small ones. Scissors—at least 4" long.

Knives—handle 3"-5", blade 2½"-4½" (wooden handles preferred).

Triangular bandages—50" x 36" x 36" or larger. Many graduate first aiders have these bandages hidden away in forgotten ragbags.

Fishing tackle—hooks, lines, and sinkers (fathers might contribute).

All bandages should be clean and pressed, all scissors and knives should be sturdy and sharp, and safety pins may be sorted as to size.

Materials should be mailed to the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee of America, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

From the same address, groups that are interested in more difficult service—Senior Service Scouts, Hospital Aides, and Girl Scout First Aiders and Home Nurses—may obtain information about other needs of the committee.

happened to thwart their plan. Perhaps, as Curly said later, the wave from the plane's landing sent silvery ripples toward the shore, and so showed up the black shapes of the two boats.

The plane began to turn, to point—not at the gas tanks, but at the canoes. Then of a sudden the guns let loose.

The roar was worse than anything Angela had ever known, had ever imagined. Tracers flashed out in what seemed continuous streaks. Twigs, whole boughs cut from the overhanging trees, crashed into the water around them. Then the guns ceased as suddenly as they had opened up.

So far from its base, the plane could have no ammunition to waste. Also the ripples had died down so that the two targets were now black against blackness. But it was only a respite; the plane could taxi around, turn, stir up another wave, and bear directly upon the canoes with every gun blazing.

Curly must have seen how perilous was their situation. He took the one last, hopeless chance. His rifle cracked, spat flame. Once. Twice. Perhaps hoping to hit the plane's pro-



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denser, until, at last, it screened off the coal-  
ing women in a world of their own.

With their old occupation gone, these strong women became the pick and shovel gang on the island. New roads had to be built for military use, old ones had to be repaired—and who could better do the hard and back-breaking job than the coaling women? They, it seemed, could best stand the intense heat; and none could use great strength to more telling advantage. Truly, it must have been a curious sight to an outsider—the women sweating and laboring with picks and shovels while, at the same time, the French sailors tended their crops of radishes, onions, and potatoes.

All this time, from the day when France fell into the hands of Germany, Martinique lived under the military control of Admiral Georges Robert, who also controlled all the other French possessions in the Caribbean, as well as French Guiana on the coast of South America. Under his command on Martinique were two thousand French sailors and a small number of black soldiers; and in his safe-keeping was a gold pile of more than three hundred million dollars.

But Admiral Robert, although he lived comfortably in a villa up in the hills, was well aware that he was actually living on top of a keg of dynamite! So long as he represented the German-controlled French government in Vichy, he knew that his island was doomed to a continuous blockade and that no foodstuffs would come to its people. He was also aware that he himself, because of his connections with Vichy, was causing deep resentment among many of the natives, as well as among many of the French soldiers and sailors.

Then, in the summer of 1943, things began to happen—some of them small things, but all of them indicating the attitude of the people of Martinique and Guadeloupe toward Admiral Robert who still maintained his allegiance to Vichy. Reports of a few of the incidents reached us. A "comic-opera" uprising of the natives was staged on Guadeloupe, but it was of short duration. In June we read of the escape of more than nine hundred French soldiers and sailors from the French islands. They had succeeded in reaching the British-owned islands of Saint Lucia

and Dominica by means of small boats, and from there, they came to New York by means of United States' ships. Most of the soldiers, sailors, and merchant seamen lost no time in joining the Fighting French under General de Gaulle.

Things were growing uncomfortably hot for the Governor of Martinique. When the troops on the island finally demonstrated against him and in favor of the United Nations, Admiral Robert decided that it was time for him to make way for a new governor more pleasing to the French Committee of National Liberation. Shortly after this revolt of the army garrison, he left Martinique and arrived in San Juan, Puerto Rico, accompanied by the former commanders of the cruiser, *Emile Bertin*, and the aircraft carrier, *Bearn*. At this writing Admiral Robert is reported to be in Lisbon, no doubt en route to Spain and thence probably to Vichy. The governorship passed on to Henri-Etienne Hoppenot, the representative of the French Committee at Washington, who declared he would aid the war effort of the United Nations in every way possible.

Martinique acclaimed this change by all sorts of celebrations. The natives performed wild dances in the streets; they sang the *Marseillaise*, and they cheered the new governor and all the other anti-Vichyites. Part of their joy centered around the United States' ships which lay in the harbor, for they anticipated the unloading of their cargoes of foodstuffs. Did they get flour for bread? We believe they did, but whether or not a continued supply of flour and other necessities has reached the island—well, that is a military secret!

Since then only a trickle of news has come through to us. There has been another change of governors—the new governor is Major Louis Pomton. Also, there has been a newspaper report that among the ships participating in the invasion-landing on the island of Corsica in the Mediterranean was the six thousand five hundred ton training cruiser *Jeanne d'Arc*, one of the naval units based at Martinique before the island broke its connections with Vichy.

As for the rest of the news about what is actually happening today on beautiful Martinique, the "trouble-spot" in the Caribbean—that may not reach us until the end of the war.

PROVALS, G. M. HAMMOND, NORTH BETHLEHEM, N. Y.

"Here's to Youth," the challenging series of youth programs heard every Saturday over the NBC network, represents the first occasion when ten major voluntary youth organizations have united on a national radio program to help face their common problem of "youth in crisis" and present a series of solutions. The thirteen-weeks series was inaugurated January 15, and the program is heard from 1:00 to 1:30 p.m., EWT.

The co-operating organizations, which have a total membership of more than thirty-one million boys and girls, are the American Junior Red Cross, with seventeen million young members; Boys Clubs of America, Inc., two hundred

fifty thousand; Boy Scouts of America, one million six hundred thousand; Camp Fire Girls, three hundred twenty-one thousand; Girl Scouts, eight hundred sixteen thousand; Jewish Welfare Board, four hundred ten thousand; National Catholic Welfare Conference, five million; National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, two million five hundred thousand; National Federation of Settlements, one hundred eighty thousand; and the National Young Women's Christian Association, with a constituency of six million.

All the dramatic sketches in the series will be based on actual stories taken from the records of these organizations, and will demonstrate that the vast ma-

majority of American boys and girls, despite wartime stresses, are normal, intelligent, and patriotically law-abiding and that solutions to many of the current youth problems can be reached through the programs of existing youth agencies.

The schedule for the series is: Jan. 15, Young Americans in Crisis; Jan. 22, Trailtown's Children; Jan. 29, Dad's in the Army; Feb. 5, Till the Boy Comes Home; Feb. 12, Latchkey Children; Feb. 19, Our Nomad Families; Feb. 26, Danger—Mothers Working; Mar. 4, The Melting Pot Boils; Mar. 11, Help Wanted; Mar. 18, Brides of Mars; Mar. 25, Boomtown; Apr. 1, Johnny Comes Home; Apr. 8, Strength for America.

# FULL SPEED AHEAD



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The high road to adventure in South America, Europe, and Russia began for A. R. Smith in G.E.'s blueprint section in Schenectady.

His first job after high school was placing printing paper and tracings into frames and exposing them to sunlight. The work



brought him close to the engineers and he decided to become one. But he kept his job and took his engineering courses by correspondence.

One of his first engineering jobs was surveying mining locations in Chile, preliminary to electrification. In Santiago he lost his letter of credit. When the consul identified him at a bank, the

cashier shoveled out a whole sugar scoop of gold pieces, which he had to lug around South America in his pockets!

Riding inland from the Coast one day, he noticed a dark, bearded man following. Remembering warnings that bandits rode through the backwoods, carrying sawed-off rifles under their ponchos, Smith urged his horse to go faster.

But the man caught up with him, started talking Spanish which he couldn't understand. Then the Chilean got ahead and tried to lead him off the trail. But Smith kept going straight ahead and finally arrived at the Company offices.

And there, waiting for him, was the Chilean, who had been trying to show him a short cut!

South America was just the beginning of A.R. Smith's travels. Tireless research and study of his own gained him such a wide reputation in the electrical world that his advice became sought wherever big things were contemplated in power developments. Thus he was sent all over western Europe and twice to Russia.

But he has spent the past few years mostly in Schenectady,

where in 1930 he became managing engineer of G.E.'s turbine department. No secret to him was the high-pressure, high-temperature steam turbine, disclosed this summer as one of the Navy's secret "weapons." He had been working since 1933 on designs for those turbines, which allow our warships to maneuver faster and go farther than the ships of other countries—full speed ahead toward the victory that can't come too soon for A. R. Smith, for he



has one son in the Aleutians and another in North Africa. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*

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### Part of Contents

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3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Colorful Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

#### SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker. omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedic; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerrlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
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